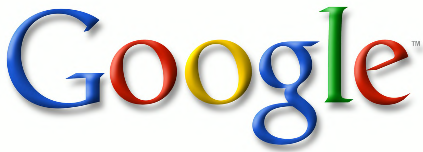

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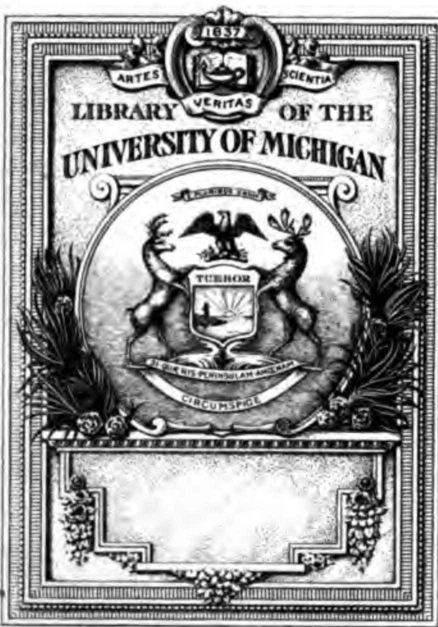
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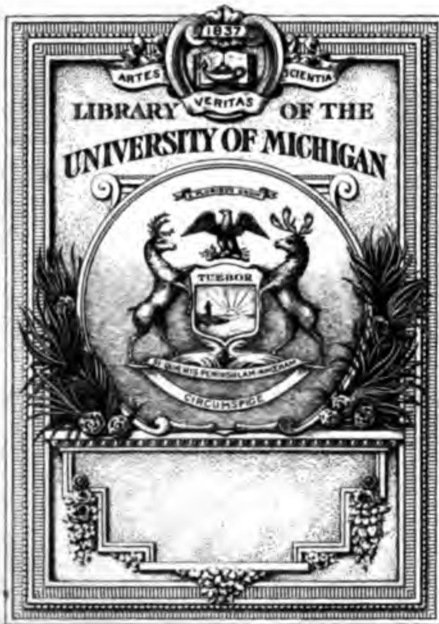
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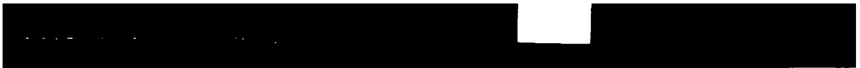

THE SECRET SPRINGS

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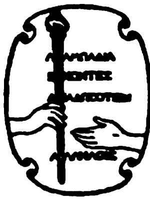
By

Harvey O'Higgins

Author of

"From the Life" Etc.



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THE SECRET SPRINGS

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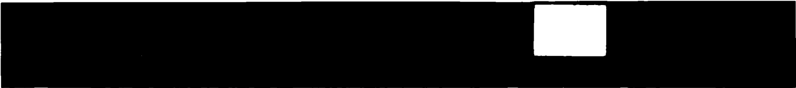

THE SECRET SPRINGS

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

"AFTER all," Doctor X said, "the science of medicine is beginning to be of some use. It is really learning how to cure."

This did not surprise me. I had always taken it for granted that medicine cured. But he added:

"It is finding the secret springs of health and the roots of happiness."

And that made me sit up. I knew that Doctor X was a diagnostician who had a high place in his profession. I had learned, by recent experience in my own person, that he had more medical skill than any other physician I had been able to stumble on in some ten years of painful traipsing roundabout among them. We had struck up a visiting acquaintance after office hours, and I had found him a man of philosophic canniness in the discussion of human affairs. And when

he said that medicine was finding the "secret springs" of health and the "roots" of happiness, naturally I began to ask eager questions.

What were the secret springs of health? And what were the roots of happiness?

His answer grew and lengthened until it spread itself over as many nights as the stories that Scheherazade told the Sultan. It seemed to me more interesting, too, than the Arabian tales. It was not merely fantastic, incredible, miraculous indeed. It was scientific and convincing also. It was a new department of human knowledge as astonishing to me as the modern wonders of electricity might be to a man of the Middle Ages. And it was more than this. It was the explanation of a thousand mysteries in human character and conduct that had puzzled me as a professing fictionist and an amateur student of social problems. It was an answer to such diverse questions as these, for instance:

Why do the daughters of the rich so often marry chauffeurs and the sons of peers mate with chorus girls?

Why is there such peace and contentment in smoking tobacco or in chewing gum?

Why does a man on the battlefield go blind with shell-shock and recover his sight when his hospital-ship is torpedoed and he jumps overboard?

INTRODUCTION

How can a religious belief work the miracle of a faith cure?

Why do young boys usually fall in love first with older women, and what is the attraction that elderly roués have for young girls?

Why do we so often seem to hate most the person whom we most love?

What is the source of the almost universal admiration for that great conquering enemy of mankind, Napoleon Bonaparte?

Why is an artistic genius so often the most thin-skinned and sensitive and yet the most arrogant of persons?

Why has Puritanism so failed as a religion? And why do our American churches hold the women more easily than they hold the men?

What is the explanation of love at first sight? Of the common illusion among lovers that they have met the beloved one in a previous existence? Of the poets' theory that a loving couple are two halves of a divided personality now happily reunited?

Why are so many people born to a religious faith or a political opinion which they subsequently indorse and support with all the authority of reason?

Why does a wife so often think of her husband as "a great child," even while he has exactly the same superior parental attitude toward her?

Why are men and women such bundles of contradictions, acting against their recognized interests and their expressed convictions, yielding to unreasonable impulses ungovernably with their eyes

open, and blind to motives in themselves that are evident to everyone else in their actions?

Why are the days of childhood looked back upon as "the Golden Age" of happiness and alertness of mind and abundant energy of body? And why do we so often lose all these as we grow up?

How does unhappiness produce ill health? Why is the miser so afraid of death? Why is the moment of success so commonly followed by deep depression? Why do we sigh when we are miserable, and puff out our chests when we are proud, and labor with our lungs when we feel great emotion?

And so on, and so forth, almost without end!

I do not mean that I put these riddles to the doctor and that he answered them. By no means. He talked of cases and cures, of the theory of medicine upon which he was working, and of the successful results by which he was proving that the theory was correct. As he explained, he generalized. He established broad conclusions about men and women, their minds and bodies, their conduct, their opinions, their characters, and their relations to one another. In these conclusions lay the answers to the questions that I have instanced. But the conclusions themselves were no more to him than the generalizations about art which a painter might throw off in talking of how he had

painted one picture or another. The cure was the thing that interested him. A series of similar cures led him back to this or that secret spring of health, as a placer miner will follow traces of free gold up a stream to the pocket from which they have been washed. And out of this pocket he dug the generalizations, about health and character and happiness and conduct and opinion and belief, that seemed to me the richest nuggets of wisdom that any philosophy of life had ever offered me.

I kept clamoring that the thing should be written. But there were difficulties. The ethics of the medical profession were one obstacle. He could not advertise himself and he could not let me advertise him. He could write of medicine only in the accepted manner of the profession, for publication in a scientific review. Useless to damn the ethics of the trade! All his cases came to him from other doctors for diagnosis. And advertising was of no use to him. His reputation was already so established that he had all the work that he could do.

Furthermore, his whole philosophy of health and happiness and the wise conduct of life could not be well supported without detailing the cases from which he had derived it. These cases were private and confi-

dential. He was like a priest who had acquired his knowledge of humanity in the confessional. He could not use that knowledge in his confidential ministrations or in the generalities of pulpit exhortation, as you might say.

"And there is this about it, too," he explained. "In a lot of ways I'm not purely a doctor. I'm a sort of medicine man. I can't write of those aspects of my practice. They aren't orthodox. If the physicians who send me cases heard how I had diagnosed and cured some of the most difficult, they would suspect me of having fallen away from the true faith. I don't propose to be a medical martyr."

And that is one of the interesting points about the whole affair. Doctor X is a graduate of one of the most famous of our American schools of medicine, and he was a pupil of the most famous of our physicians. He began as a general practitioner and became a specialist in the functions and disorders of the internal glands. He was as orthodox as an army surgeon. Some cases of goiter, and of heart disease that was due to thyroid trouble, started him studying and experimenting in the new field of morbid psychology and the emotional sources of functional disturbance. He became a doctor

of the mind as well as the body. He began to work cures in obscure and stubborn cases of nervous disorder that had baffled him in the past; and these cures were achieved by reordering the lives of his patients and by re-establishing their "defective personalities," as he expresses it.

He began, in fact, to make secret excursions into the forbidden land of mind cures and "mental healing" and the miracles of faith. He went as a scientist with all the instruments of his profession, studying mental phenomena; but he came back with a lot of astonishing dicta. Such as these:

A suppressed feeling of moral uncleanness will express itself in a skin disease almost infallibly. I find an incredible number of cases of skin disease that cannot be permanently cured except by curing the mind that causes them.

Shame or irritation or resentment or fear shows itself ordinarily in the blushing or flushing or paling of the face. The lining skin of the body seems to be almost as affectible as the exterior skin. It, too, will register these emotions secretly, if their outward expression is suppressed. And it registers them as digestive disorders that cannot be finally cured until their cause has been removed from the mind.

An instinctive emotion, being repressed, becomes at once entangled with that switchboard of the

vegetative nervous system which controls the unconscious bodily processes. The consequent disorder will produce all the symptoms of functional disturbance due to disease.

Toxic goiter among women and certain forms of heart disease among men are a common fear neurosis. A man will react to a threat against his moral safety exactly as an animal will react to a threat against its physical safety. The moral danger in the mind must be removed in order to cure permanently the affected organ.

Doctor X would say of himself: "Half my time I'm not really a doctor. I'm a marriage adjuster." Or, "I could make most of my patients well fast enough if I could make them happy." And once he amazed me by reporting: "I can't cure So-and-so. He no longer believes in the immortality of the soul."

The orthodox physician divides all diseases into two classes: they are either "real" or "imaginary." If they are real, he will undertake to cure them. If they are imaginary—well, they don't exist if they are imaginary. Doctor X's realization that no such line of distinction can be drawn is not a new discovery. It is older than the science of medicine itself. What I found new in him was this: he had largely uncovered

the mechanism by which the mind affects the health, and he had learned how to protect the health from being so affected. He could not merely do this himself, for the particular disease that he was treating; he could also direct his patient how to save himself from subsequent disorders due to the same cause; and the sum and body of these directions made up his system of mental hygiene. It is a system that concerns itself not only with health, but with success in affairs, with happiness, with love and marriage, with one's ability to do one's work, with education and the training of children, with ethics and religion and social psychology, and even with some of the problems of government.

If all this had been merely the theory of an argumentative philosopher, I might have listened politely and swallowed my yawns. But it was not a theory. It was a practice. It was a combination of diagnosis and cure. It was a collection of facts that permitted of one conclusion only.

And the conclusion was, in part, that every normal human being, after the first few months of life, has two minds: one the intelligent conscious mind of which he is aware; the other an unconscious animal mind of which he commonly knows nothing

—not even the fact that he has it. His conscious mind is the mind with which he thinks, or believes that he thinks. His unconscious mind is a mind of animal instincts, of inherited aptitudes, of racial traits. His unconscious mind governs his actions, his beliefs, his character, his health, and his happiness much more powerfully than does his conscious mind. Indeed, in these activities his conscious mind usually does little more than supply him with reasonable explanations for unreasonable actions and opinions which his unconscious mind has dictated.

So far, here is no new discovery either. The late William James ascribed to Frederick Myers the credit of having first arrived at the scientific conception of this "subliminal self." But before it was accepted by scientific psychologists it was vaguely recognized by many poets and philosophers. The Russian novelist Dostoievsky, for example, not only illustrated it in his characterizations, but accurately described it in his analysis of the motives of many of his heroes. Bergson made good use of the theory of the unconscious mind throughout his *Creative Evolution*, and particularly in his pages on instinct and intelligence. And, most famous of all, Freud

and his following of psychoanalysts have founded a whole school of psychology and of medicine upon it, and contributed an enormous library of research and argument to its study and understanding.

I found that Doctor X was well aware of all this previous research and that he had availed himself of everything in the Freudian theory that could help him. But he was not a Freudian. He was not purely a psychoanalyst. Unlike the Freudians, he did not confine himself to studying chiefly the suppressions of the sex instinct in the subconscious mind. He had found that the suppression of any one of a half-dozen other instincts would affect the health in exactly the same way. And, by this enlargement of the Freudian theory, he took the curse of excessive sexuality off the unconscious mind, and he made it possible to discuss the whole business, without offense, in unprofessional print.

I kept insisting, as I say, that it should be so discussed—that a matter of such importance to the common man should be made known to him. And out of that insistence the following book has finally arisen. I have protected Doctor X from a breach of professional ethics by concealing his name. I have so disguised my accounts of his cases

that his patients themselves would not recognize them. I have not attempted to be scientific, or exhaustive, or authoritative. I have tried merely to make clear and interesting to the average lay mind a department of science so important and so revolutionary that it is perhaps the greatest addition made to the sum of human knowledge since Darwin formulated his theory of evolution and the descent of man.

CHAPTER II

IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE

THERE came, one day, to Doctor X, a very able and well-known lawyer who had apparently been breaking under a strain of overwork. "As a matter of fact," Doctor X says, "I soon learned from conversation with him that the strain was probably caused by a weight of unhappiness in his married life. In treating him, I noticed that he had an odd interest in the subject of hands. He remarked mine, which, he said, gave him a feeling of confidence and security . . . although my hands are rather delicate than powerful. He declared that he could read character from hands, particularly the character of a woman. His own hands were immaculately cared for and always freshly manicured. When I met his wife I noticed that she had hands of remarkable beauty and that she was rather proudly conscious of them. I concluded that he had probably made her so by his praise of them."

It seemed evident that this interest in

hands indicated some peculiarity in the mental life of the patient, but he was unaware of the origin of it. He could only offer the explanation that he looked at hands as an index of character. Then, in talking to Doctor X about the circumstances of his marriage, he related an illuminating incident.

He recalled that the first time he met his wife he was at a card party with a young woman to whom he was then engaged. They played cards at the same table, his fiancée playing as his partner, opposite him, and his future wife playing as the partner of his opponent. His fiancée did not play well. His future wife played with great success. He became irritable with the girl to whom he was engaged, and before the evening ended he quarreled with her and she gave him back his engagement ring. Within a week he transferred the ring to the finger of his present wife.

Doctor X said, "Your wife has a remarkably beautiful hand."

"Yes," he said. "I think her hands were what first attracted me to her. Do you know, when we were playing cards that night, I could hardly keep my eyes off them!"

"And your fiancée," the doctor asked, "were her hands pretty?"

He stared and blinked a moment. "That's

funny," he said. "I was just thinking of the contrast between them—and how it showed at the card table. She had very short, stubby fingers, and the index finger of her right hand was withered. I remember the thing got on my nerves. I wanted to stop playing rather than have her expose it."

"A psychologist," Doctor X said, "would conclude that you had translated a criticism of her hands into a complaint about the way in which she 'played her hands.'"

He thought it over. "Undoubtedly," he agreed. "I felt at the time that I was unreasonable — irritable — impatient — but I couldn't control myself."

"Now, tell me," Doctor X said, "what is it that has given you this fixation about hands? It must have occurred very early in your childhood. If it wasn't your mother, it may have been your father, or a nurse, or some relative who took the place of a parent—some aunt, perhaps. What?"

He had been slowly shaking his head, reflectively. Suddenly he stopped. His face lit up. "I know!" he said. "I know! It was that vase!"

"A vase?"

"Yes. A vase. It used to belong to my mother. It's a very beautifully carved marble hand—a woman's hand—holding a

cornucopia. My old nurse used to give it to me to play with. I have it yet. It's on my library mantelpiece at home. It was my mother's, and, for a long time, I had the idea that it was really a copy of my mother's hand. She had died of tuberculosis when I was about a year old, and before she died she wrote a letter to me and asked them to give it to me as soon as I was able to read. And she told me good-by in it, and asked me not to forget her. Naturally, that letter meant a lot to me, and for a long time I used to think, 'That's the hand that wrote the letter'—and take it to bed with me when I was lonely—after I had been licked or anything—you know—until at last some one found me with it and told me it wasn't her hand at all . . . I had forgotten all about it. . . . Funny thing! Even now, when I think of her letter I think of that marble hand as having written it."

Funny thing, indeed. He had been in fact married, unawares, by a marble hand. "It not only broke off his engagement to a girl with whom he might have been happy," Doctor X points out. "It married him blindly to a girl with whom happiness, for him, was practically impossible, because he was demanding that she be a self-sacrificing, motherly, and devoted woman, and she

never had been, and never could be, that sort of person. He fell in love with her at first sight—'compulsively,' as we say. If anyone at the card table could have seen into his mind and warned him against being hypnotized by a pair of pretty hands, he would probably have replied: 'She's a beautiful character—I can tell it by her hands. I know it intuitively. I've always been that way.'"

Intuitively! That is the word. When we say we know a thing "intuitively" we mean that we know it without knowing how we know it—by some mental faculty that is not reason, nor deduction, nor conscious thought at all. And by so saying we recognize the existence of what science now calls "the subconscious mind." But if it is from this subconscious mind that we get our "intuitions," where does the subconscious mind get them? Where did the lawyer, the slave of the marble hand, get his "intuition" about hands?

When you fall asleep you lose consciousness. Your conscious mind ceases to work. It rests and is refreshed. But you dream. Some part of your mind continues to work busily, imagining scenes, inventing or recalling incidents, enjoying fantastic adventures. You may remember these when you wake

up or you may not. That is to say, your conscious mind may have some knowledge of them or it may not. They are an affair of the subconscious mind, the dream mind.

It is from the study of dreams that Freud has worked out the knowledge of the subconscious mind that he has given us. We find that the subconscious mind has a record of memories that have been lost from the conscious mind or were never registered on it. We find that the subconscious mind even preserves a picture of events that occurred in infancy before the child had developed any reasoning intelligence whatever. And among those pictures we find the "mother image," the indelible but unconscious picture of the person upon whom our first instinctive love was centered.

Anything astonishing about that? Surely not. It is perfectly natural that in the normal man's mind the image of his mother should persist as a loved ideal. But the curious thing is that the image is not an ideal of character and qualities and attributes. It is merely an image. It has merely physical characteristics of height and features, hands and eyes, this sort of nose and that color of hair. And just as, in the child, the sight of his mother started up the whole emotion of instinctive love, so, in

later years, the sight of any physical characteristic of the mother may have the same effect on him.

That is why the lawyer was married by a marble hand. His "mother image" had been formed around that one feature, a beautiful hand. The sight of such a hand aroused in him all the emotion of instinctive affection. He was unaware of this, because it took place in his unconscious mind. He explained it to himself by arguing that hands were an index to character. He had forgotten about the marble hand. He did not remember it until Doctor X's questions recalled it to him and brought it back from his unconscious memory.

Does all this seem far-fetched? Well, let us leave it for a moment and go with Doctor X. He has a patient who was married not by a marble hand, but by a red lamp.

"He is rather unusual," Doctor X says, "because he remembers quite clearly the mother image which he carried in his mind in his boyhood days. It was a picture of his mother as a beautiful young woman, slender and graceful, with smiling brown eyes and wavy hair. I wished to follow the replacement of that image in his mind by the image of the imaginary sweetheart, who usually succeeds the mother image in the

adolescent daydream. And I asked him whether he had ever had a mental picture of an ideal girl in his youth."

He could not recall any. No. He had been a penniless boy, with no prospect of marriage, and he had never attempted to picture to himself the sort of young woman who would be his ideal.

He was sure of that, until Doctor X spoke of her not as an ideal girl, but as "a dream girl."

"Oh yes," he said. "Of course. I remember! I remember the red lamp."

"Red lamp?"

"Yes. I used to see her standing under a hanging lamp, a sort of Turkish lamp, in a kind of Turkish room, with rugs and tapestries—all of it in a red glow from above." He was describing it amusedly. "The light made her look like a perfect peach—shining on her hair—sort of wavy hair—and her eyes were brown, in the shadow, and she was—oh, gee, she was certainly a pippin! I remember, I used to say to myself: 'No, you don't! No such luck for you, boy!' And say, when I saw—"

He stopped. He looked at the doctor queerly.

"Why, that's so!" he said. "I'd forgotten *that!* Well, I'll be jiggered."

"Forgotten what?"

"Why, the first time I took Alice home from a dance." (Alice is his wife.) "I had never been in the house before, and they had one of those red lamps in the hall—a big entrance hall with Turkish rugs and hangings—and when she took off her evening cloak and stood with the red light shining on her hair that way, smiling as she said good night to me, it just went through me like—well, I think, if I'd been able to find my voice, I'd have proposed to her on the spot. I know I went away convinced that she was the one woman in the world for *me*. And I was right. We've been as happy as any two people ever *could* be."

Apparently he had never before connected the lamp in the hall with the lamp in his dream; and he had never noticed the likeness between the real girl and the dream girl—much less related either of them to the "mother image" with its "smiling brown eyes and wavy hair." When Doctor X asked him whether his wife reminded him of his mother at all he replied: "No. Not at all. Not in any way."

Subsequently he spoke rather impatiently of one of his wife's characteristics; that she was always oversympathetic with people—"not her own sort of people."

He said: "She always goes out of her way to say 'Good morning' to the park policeman, and stops to talk to those neglected-looking kids you see on the street, and she used to take flower seeds up to an old flagman on a railroad crossing."

"And that irritates you?" the doctor asked.

"No," he said, "it doesn't irritate me exactly, but—I don't know. I feel sort of jealous, I think."

It seemed an odd ground for jealousy. The doctor changed the subject, but a few moments later—when he was sure that his patient had forgotten the connection—he asked, "Were you ever jealous of your mother—as a boy?"

"Sure I was," he laughed. "I remember, once, when I saw her kiss a neighbor's boy I was so sore I laid for the kid and beat him up."

That would account for his feeling about his wife's interest in the children on the street. But what about the park policeman and the others?

"I mean older people," Doctor X said—"poor people and men in uniform."

"Well," he recollected, "I came home from school one day and found mother with a couple of policemen in the dining room,

giving them coffee and sandwiches. There had been a fire up the street, and they were dripping water all over everything. I think that was what made me mad—the way they were mussing things up. And the fire was out, and I thought to myself, 'I guess they weren't such a pair of heroes, even if they *did* get wet,' and I didn't see why she was making such a fuss about them."

"It was characteristic of her, was it?" the doctor asked, "to do things for people, that way?"

"Oh yes," he said. "She was a good deal like my wife in that respect."

Here, then, was another subconscious mother image that had acted as a match-maker. But you will notice that the young lover, in his daydreams, had added a red lamp, and that the lamp became the "symbol" by which the emotion of love was exploded in him. You will notice, too, that he was jealous of his wife whenever she duplicated an action that had made him jealous of his mother, although it was absurd for him to be jealous of such actions in his wife, and he knew it.

"An actual living parent is not necessary," Doctor X points out, "to form this parent image. It may be formed from pictures, or the reports of others; or it may take the

aspect of a nurse or a guardian. But, once formed, it becomes the starting signal for the emotion of love forever after; and if that emotion is complicated by other emotions in childhood, those emotions, too, will be started irresistibly. That is the reason why my patient of the red lamp was jealous of his wife whenever she did anything that made him jealous of his mother."

The love image, as I have said, is carried as a picture, not as a thought. It is not consciously present in the mind. It has not the attributes of a character so much as the outward appearance of a person. Consequently all the emotions of love may be sprung on the conscious mind of a young man or woman by the appearance in reality of some fragment of the unconscious image —like the red lamp or the beautiful hand.

That is Doctor X's explanation of love at first sight. The lawyer at the card table was instantly and irresistibly attracted by the beautiful hands. They started up in him the whole mighty emotion of instinctive love. Neither his engagement to another woman nor the obvious shortcomings of the new object of his affections could save him from the overpowering impulse of attraction. This is probably why we say, "Love is blind." It is the unconscious, unreasoning,

instinctive mind that is operating, and the reasoning mind joins it only to explain, to make reasonable, to "rationalize" (as the psychologists say) the emotions by which reason is stampeded—just as the lawyer had rationalized the effect of fine hands on his affections by arguing that hands are an index of character.

And the presence of this dream image in the subconscious mind accounts also for some other common delusions of love.

It accounts, for instance, for the romantic belief of the poet that he has met his beloved one in another life. "When I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave—" That other life is the dream life of the subconscious mind, in which the poet has known the image that now appears before him in the person of his sweetheart.

It accounts for the poetical theory that the lover is in search of the other half of his incomplete personality, and that true love consists in the union of two halves of a personality fitting as perfectly as the divided coin of the lovers in the fairy tale. The two halves that fit are the actual image of the sweetheart and the dream image in the lover's mind.

And it accounts for many of those ro-

mantic mysteries, and compulsions, and demoniac powers that have been attributed to the god of young love—the power to delude, to overwhelm reason, to nullify experience, and generally to make the lover behave like a victim of hypnosis, a blind puppet, a ridiculous marionette.

Doctor X says: "I have a patient who has been ideally happy in her married life. She was also ideally happy with her father. She tells me: 'He never criticized a woman in his life. I could always go to him and get anything I wanted. He never whipped me. He was always frank. I never had reason to hide anything from him.' "

He died when she was sixteen. Doctor X wished to trace the transference of this father image to her husband. He asked how she had come to marry.

"I always had lots of admirers," she said, "but I never had any preference for any of them until I met Royce." Royce is her husband. "I liked him the moment he stepped on the dancing floor. He was tall and dark and slender. He had the best face. And there was an air of absolute cleanliness about him that I learned later was true of his mind as well."

"How tall was he?" the doctor asked.

"He's six feet two."

"His clean-mindedness was like your father's?"

"Yes. Exactly."

"What was your father like, physically?"

"He was tall and dark and slender. He wore a beard, but he had clean-cut features."

"How do you know? Did you ever see him without the beard?"

"No, but mother had a picture of him as a young man, and he had the cleanest face."

"How tall was he?"

"Six feet three inches."

Here the role and make-up were all ready for the actor who could carry them off. The moment he stepped on the stage the heroine of the love drama began at once to play her part opposite him. Since he developed the necessary qualities of character to stabilize the instinctive attraction, the love has been permanent and the happiness enduring.

It is not always necessary, however, for the actor to have the necessary qualities of character. By some mechanism of projection, those qualities may be stripped from the dream man and foisted upon the lover. He may be dressed up in the borrowed garments of the heroine's mental image without the least discomfort to her. She will be blind to his faults, without any sense of

discrepancy. And she will impute to him lofty qualities of soul which everyone else will be skeptical about—even his own mother.

The girl will be quite unaware that she is carrying this property trunk around with her. She will not know what she has put in it or why. She has filled it with qualities that were originally her father's, and later were romantically made over and retrimmed in daydreams and fantasies. The matinée infatuations of young girls usually serve in the latter process. And it is an extremely valuable process, for it adapts the father image to the new drama of adolescent love, and prepares the girl for a relation with her husband that has not been rehearsed in her relations with her father. This change in the image is called a "rejuvenation."

But suppose the rejuvenation does not occur or is incomplete. What then?

Doctor X has a patient, a married woman, who came to him to be treated for various physical ailments that need not concern us here. The point is that she considered herself very unhappy in her married life. "I felt this morning," she said, tragically, "that I simply couldn't live with my husband another day."

Why not?

It was not at all clear why not. The

grievances that she had against him seemed small enough. They amounted to the fact that he was the sort of man he was, and not some other sort of man.

The doctor changed the conversation by asking her whether her father was still alive.

"No," she replied. "He died when I was only three years old."

"Tell me," he said, "what would be your ideal of a husband? Describe him to me—his physical characteristics."

She described him rather vividly, laughing.

He returned to the question of her husband again and his faults. Then he asked, "What did your father look like?"

She replied with an equally vivid description of her father, although he had died when she was so young that she could not possibly have remembered him. And, stranger still, her description of her father was, almost word for word, a repetition of her description of her ideal of a husband.

Doctor X pointed out this oddity to her. She seemed bewildered by it. She did not know where she had acquired the vivid picture of her father. "I thought I remembered him that way," she said, "but, of course, I don't. I couldn't. I was too young."

"Evidently," he suggested, "you have invented in your childhood a 'father image'

that represented your ideal of what a father ought to be."

"Yes," she said. "Evidently that's just what I've done."

"And in your later youth you have unconsciously accepted that ideal of a father as your ideal of a husband."

"I suppose I have," she agreed, more doubtfully. "It certainly seems that way."

"Well, then," the doctor said, "does it occur to you that you are unhappy with your husband because he is not your ideal of a father?"

No. She would not admit that. She argued against it. It was as a husband that he had failed.

Doctor X left the matter with her.

The next time he saw her she said: "I have been thinking over what you suggested about my husband. I believe you were right. I've really been asking him to father me." She laughed. "As a matter of fact, I don't think he's half bad as a husband—as husbands go."

That is a very simple instance of one of the commonest causes of unhappiness in married life. Let us go a cut deeper in the matter.

"I have a patient," Doctor X says, "a woman who married an unrejuvenated

father image. That was a mental regression on her part, due to the failure of a youthful love affair in which the image had been rejuvenated as an ideal lover. Unhappy because of the failure of this love affair, she had repressed the memory of it, and the ideal image had been carried down in the repression—as it often is. The father image had replaced it—as it often does. When she was about to marry her present husband her mother warned her, 'He is just like your father, and *he* has always been difficult."

Her father had, in fact, been short-tempered, critical, and unjust. Once, when she was about seven years old, he had accused her of something of which she had not been guilty, and in a rage, without letting her explain, he had spanked her in the presence of a boy friend. The indignity was almost unendurable. It had remained in her memory as the picture symbol of parental injustice. But she had all a young girl's instinctive love for her father. She had repressed her anger and resentment. It remained in her subconscious mind as a mass of undrained emotion—as an "affect," as the psychologists say.

One evening, at the dinner table, her husband wrongly accused her of something that had been done by a servant, and he

spoke angrily to her in the presence of a dinner guest. By so doing he accurately reproduced the scene that had occurred with her father. There followed a volcanic eruption out of all proportion to the cause of it. All the undrained emotions of her relations with her father were set free. And they remained free, thereafter, in her relations with her husband. Any sort of happiness with him became practically impossible, because, loving him as she had loved her father, she felt all the resentment and anger and dislike against him that she had stored up, unexpended, against her father.

"Moreover," the doctor says, "her feelings against her father had accumulated in a sense of humiliation that showed in blushing in her girlhood, though the blushing was of a transitory character. As a consequence of her unhappy relations with her husband, she developed chronic blushing—a so-called vasomotor reaction in which the congestion and painful beating of the blood vessels of face and neck led her physician to believe that she had a thyroid disturbance. It was on this diagnosis that she came to me.

"I found that she had no thyroid trouble. She was physically healthy. She was suffering only with the psychic conflict that had resulted from marrying an unrejuvenated

father image. She was cured by bringing that conflict into her conscious mind and resolving it, with her husband's aid."

Let us put aside, for the present, the question of how such a conflict can be cured by "bringing it into the conscious mind." Let us leave out of immediate consideration the whole matter of disease and its treatment by such methods. Let us confine ourselves to the question of how this subconscious love image and the emotions attached to it affect the happiness of married life.

The case that I have just described is evidently a somewhat abnormal example of what is a fairly common situation. We have all, I suppose, been puzzled by the amount of irritation that often develops between husband and wife over some apparently trivial matter. We call it "a tempest in a teapot." The most devoted love does not seem capable of saving them from moments of the most furious anger and resentment. The cause may be as small as a teapot, but the tempest can be a home-wrecking tornado. The one whom we most love we seem to be capable of most hating. Why?

The child's first love is for its parents. But its parents are also its first guides and

critics. They give it its first discipline. If they are harsh, unjust, or cruel, the emotion of love in that child will always be accompanied by suppressed emotions of resentment, anger, or even hate, that may easily come to the surface. In later years, when the childhood love for the parent has been transformed into the adult love for husband or wife, there is a weaker repression of the antagonistic emotions, and they well up ungovernably under any criticism, or unkindness, or injustice.

Moreover, in the happier moods of married life the inheritance of the childhood love complicates the married relation. The husband will have moments in which he will want his wife to be a mother to him; he will love her and obey her childishly—particularly when he is ill. The wife will have similar moments, in which she will be happy to act as if her husband were her father—particularly if she has involved herself in difficulties with financial affairs. Obviously, these moments will conflict. The wife who is most consistently daughter-like and dutiful will also know that her husband is "nothing but a great child," because she has observed him in moods when he demanded mothering. And the husband will be enraged to find himself treated as if he

were a child at times when he wishes to be obeyed as if he were a father. The whole relationship will be difficult because the emotions of it are unstable and inconsistent.

The man whose mother has been self-sacrificing and domestic will demand similar qualities in his wife. If his mother has not been his intellectual equal, he will find it difficult to accept his wife as an intellectual companion and to share his mental life with her. The wife will find similar conflicts arising out of the subconscious influences of her past relations with her father.

"The situation would be impossible," Doctor X philosophizes, "if it were not that love in the normal man or woman is a duplex emotion seeking a double goal. It contains the instinctive desire to give protection as well as to receive protection. Sexual love is merely the explosive force that serves to blast away all the obstacles that stand between the lover and the loved. It intensifies the fundamental reaction. It serves to anchor love in the primal sources of being. In the service of protective love, it is a willing giant that sublimates its energy in the highest forms of cultural development. But in the absence of protective love, it is about as dependable as a floating mine. It is not a goal in itself; and if it

be made a goal personality soon crumbles. But, if protective love is the ideal aimed at, the sex instinct automatically takes its place as naturally as a kiss or a caress. Without that ideal, sex love is as disastrous as free dynamite. Food craving has its value in the goal which food-given strength enables you to attain. Sex craving has its value in the goal of home happiness and race happiness which sex-given strength enables you to attain in mate and children."

It is there that Doctor X's theory and practice diverge most widely from the Freudian emphasis on sex. I shall have to return to that question later and take it up at length. Meantime, I wish to give a few more examples of the subconscious influence of a parent image causing unhappiness in married life.

J is a contractor whom Doctor X once treated for a disease that need not come into the story. His father had been a tyrant to both mother and son. He had opposed the boy's education, and J had been given only one year's schooling. His antagonism toward his father and his sympathy for his mother had overweighted his instinctive love for her. He ran away from home at seventeen, and within a year he was earning enough to take his mother away from his

father's tyranny and support her. She lived with him until her death, which occurred when he was forty-two years old. Three years later, at forty-five, he married a widow of forty.

The probability of an unrejuvenated mother image in this case was so great that the doctor hazarded the suggestion, "Your wife markedly resembles your mother, doesn't she?"

"Why, yes!" he said. "How did you know? I have a photo of my mother in the dining room, and everyone always takes it for a picture of my wife."

The father's oppression had given him a feeling of inferiority from which he had never recovered, and that feeling had greatly hampered his career. The unrejuvenated mother image had made him unhappy with his wife. Strangest of all, he was repeating his own father's tyranny in his relations with his stepson—his wife's son by her previous marriage. He was so unkind to this boy of seventeen that the stepson had threatened to run away from home.

"The philosophers," Doctor X comments, "maintain that experience is the best teacher. I find that the subconscious mind learns nothing by experience. It reduplicates the drama of its childhood over and over, even

though the drama ends again and again in tragedy."

Another patient, a married woman, came to Doctor X, a nervous wreck, always depressed and unhappy, morbidly anxious, miserable in her married life, and afflicted with a nervous trembling whenever she heard a bell. The drama of her tragic marriage had begun at breakfast one morning, when her husband criticized her for having spilled a spoonful of porridge on the tablecloth. She had scarcely had a happy moment with him since. Incredible? She had developed a phobia for bells. Why? She felt that she could never be happy, that there was nothing in life for her, that all her natural affection had died in her and had been replaced by a cold sense of fear.

The doctor found that she had been an intensely affectionate child, but her father had been a stern and undemonstrative man, and her mother had been too busy or too cold to accept her caresses. At a very early age she devoted herself to a baby which she used to nurse and care for. Whenever her own mother neglected her she found relief for her injured feelings in lavishing her affection on this infant. For some reason—which she could not recall—the sound of a ragpicker's bell always threw the

baby into paroxysms of fear, and it was her great delight to comfort the infant and reassure it.

"It is necessary to notice here," Doctor X says, "that such a child's attachment for a baby is not a manifestation of the maternal instinct. The little girl identifies herself with the infant and plays a dual mother-child role. That is why my patient, by tenderly caring for the baby, recompensed herself for her mother's neglect. It is the reason also why the baby's fear of a bell subsequently reproduced itself in her own fear of bells."

The baby died. Disconsolate, she turned to a parrot, and the parrot died. She developed a passion for paper dolls, but she made a litter of paper, cutting them out, and her mother threw them in the fire, declaring that she couldn't have the house messed up with such trash. All her attempts at affection or self-assertion were met with criticism. She heard her neighbors call her the ugly one of the family. Her teachers seemed to dislike her. And so forth.

"By this time, of course," the doctor explains, "she was imputing to the outer world actions to account for unreasonable and instinctive feelings in herself."

She was very shy and self-conscious. One

day, while she was handing an eraser to a boy in the classroom, a teacher misunderstood what she was doing and shamed her before the whole class by accusing her of holding hands. Moreover, she was reported to her mother. From that time on she felt that she "would rather die" than be seen talking to a boy. She became reserved, lonesome, hypersensitive to criticism—deeply affectionate, but morbidly unable either to show affection or win it.

In this state she fell in love with the young man whom she finally married. The period of her engagement was happy beyond words. She felt that at last she had found the absolutely uncritical protection of a great love. On her honeymoon her happiness seemed greater than ever. And then she spilled porridge on the tablecloth, and her husband reproved her irritably.

Presto! The whole structure of conscious happiness came tumbling down in ruins, wrecked by an explosion of the subconscious emotions in the cellar of her mind. She began to re-enact with her husband the early drama of her relations with her parents. Every bell that she heard became the rag-picker's bell, warning her never to love, because her love was always to be rejected, disastrous, tragical. All the morbid fears

and repressions of her childhood flooded her mind, and nothing that her husband could do was of any avail to reassure her.

This is an abnormal and exaggerated case, but it will serve to show the strength of subconscious influences on married happiness. Let me give, finally, an example of complete and incurable unhappiness in marriage as the result of a subconscious, infantile "fixation" of affection.

Mrs. K is an Irishwoman of forty who came to Doctor X to be treated for a chronic headache. She had been born in Ireland, one of twelve children, and at the age of ten her overburdened mother had given her sole charge of her baby brother. For ten years she had raised this boy as if he were her own child. The other sisters had gone to school, but she had insisted on staying home to help with the housework and care for the baby. She cried if she were separated from him. Although she was the handsomest girl of the family, healthy and amiable, at twenty years of age she had no beaus and did not encourage any. She was wholly devoted to her small brother.

Then her parents forced her to leave home and come to America. She was desperately unhappy and homesick here. She developed various diseases, and finally, after eight

years, found herself with "a gastro-intestinal ulcer," so weak and emaciated that she returned to Ireland to die.

In her home and in the company of her brother—now eighteen years old—she miraculously regained her health. In four months she was completely cured. He wished to come to America, so they returned together. He married, and so did she. But she was unhappy in her married life and greatly afflicted with headaches. Her health became so bad that she went West to visit her brother; her headaches stopped, and she became as "fat as a pig," she said.

Her brother died. As the result of a fall from a street car, her headaches became incessant. Nothing relieved them, and when Doctor X first saw her her head had been aching continously for nearly ten years.

"An illness of this type," he says, "following an injury, is commonly blamed on the accident. In reality, the injury is only the last blow that breaks down the weakened machine. No physician had been able to find any physical cause for Mrs. K's headache. There was none. She was wholly miserable in her married life because her brother had become the fixed symbol of all happiness values for her. The fixation was

quite unconscious. She only knew that she had been happy with him and that she was absolutely unhappy without him. She was quite unaware of the secret of her ill health.

"I find that the conversion of a mental pain into a bodily pain is a common device for freeing the mind of unbearable distress. The body is readily sacrificed to save the mind. If the conversion does not occur, to accomplish this indirect drainage, the mind may break down. I was convinced that if we removed Mrs. K's headache, insanity would certainly follow. In any case, happiness in her married life was quite impossible for her. She should never have married."

These, then, are a few of the cases on which Doctor X founds his modified Freudian theory of the existence of the subconscious love image and its influence in love and marriage. I shall have to return to the subject again when we come to the question of the unconscious origins of ill health. Let me conclude, for the time being, with a few more examples of how the presence of this ideal love image in the unconscious mind explains some of the puzzling phenomena of courtship and married life.

Why, when we "marry in haste," do we usually "repent at leisure"? Because love

at first sight is an emotional explosion that bears little or no relation to the object causing it, and repentance follows when the discrepancy develops in the intimacy of marriage.

Why are late marriages so often unhappy? Because the person who does not marry young has usually been a devoted son or daughter, and an unrejuvenated mother image or father image thwarts the growth of a happy married relation.

Why do the daughters of the rich so often elope with chauffeurs and the sons of the English aristocracy marry chorus girls? Because the children of the rich are so often left to the sole care of servants at the time when the love image is being formed in the subconscious mind. As a consequence, a chauffeur or a chorus girl, reproducing some characteristic of this debased image, sets the spark to the whole train of instinctive love.

Why is a girl who was a coquette before marriage so rarely contented in her married life? Because her coquetry was due to a lack of fixation in her ideal image, and this instability commonly persists even after her conscious loyalty has been deeply engaged.

The marriage of mature judgment, or the marriage of convenience, often fails be-

cause the ideal image has not been consulted. That is true, also, of all arranged marriages, all loveless marriages. It is the defect of the continental marriage, and it is one of the reasons, perhaps, why infidelity so often ensues there—the ideal image seeks its counterpart outside of wedlock.

The perfect marriage would seem to be the one that follows soon after adolescence, when the parent image has been rejuvenated in adolescent fantasies and the subconscious instinct of race perpetuation is allowed its natural fulfillment. That instinct, blocked by the common measures of birth control, dams up in undrained subconscious pressures that produce what are called "anxiety neuroses" and other morbid causes of unhappiness. In such cases the success of the marriage will generally depend upon what is called the "sublimation" of the race instinct—as, for example, among men who sublimate in their work, creatively, and among women who sublimate their maternal impulse in efforts of charity and social reform.

CHAPTER III

IN HEALTH

A RABBIT hears the bark of a dog. At once, as science has discovered, the rabbit's heart speeds up and its blood pressure rises. Its breathing quickens in order to gain more oxygen. Sugar, which is a muscle food, is thrown into the blood. Digestion is stopped, and blood is shunted into the running muscles. All this is automatic and independent of intelligence. That is to say, it is instinctive. The rabbit bounds away toward the safety of his hole and reaches it with evident elation. He is happy in the satisfaction of an instinct.

Scientific studies on the battlefield have proved that exactly the same physical changes take place in the body of a man. He is subject to the instinct of flight and the instinctive emotion of fear, just as the rabbit is. But, unlike the rabbit, the man has a conscious intelligence which conflicts with his instinct. The frightened rabbit does not have any feeling of self-reproach

when it yields to its instinct of flight. The man has. Moreover, the man, having been taught to believe that fear is shameful, can blot the feeling of fear out of his conscious mind.

Is that the end of it? Apparently not. The new science of the subconscious mind has discovered that the fear is suppressed from consciousness into the unconscious —with amazing results.

During the war with Germany we were all reading in the newspapers about soldiers with "shell-shock" who had gone blind or deaf unaccountably on the battlefield, and who had as mysteriously recovered their sight or hearing when a submarine sank their hospital ship and plunged them in cold water. And we read about the physicians who were curing such cases by hypnotism, or merely by suggestion, or by a rather heroical electric treatment. Doctor X had several of these "shell-shock" cases —cases of heart disease or of digestive trouble that had no discoverable physical cause. What are these cases?

"When a man," he says, "goes blind or deaf from shell-shock there is nothing wrong with his eyes or his ears. They are receiving and registering light waves or sound waves and transmitting the messages

to the brain. But the conscious mind does not receive these messages. In some way the subconscious mind has broken the connection. The physician who cures such a case by hypnotism merely reaches the subconscious mind and reassures it. He says to it: 'The battle is over. You do not have to go back. You can see—or you can hear—without danger. You are safe.' The plunge into cold water from the sinking ship restores the sight or hearing because the sinking of the ship confronts the subconscious mind with a new danger from which blindness or deafness cannot protect it. The same curative effect has been obtained by a shock of electricity in some French hospitals, although this latter method is so cruel that it has been tabooed. My cases of heart disease were merely examples of the rapid heart of instinctive fear: they had been mistaken for heart disease because the conscious mind of the patient had so explained them to himself. My cases of digestive disorder were of the same origin; instinctive fear stops digestion, in order to deliver blood to the running muscles. My patients had repressed the feeling of fear from their conscious minds, but it had remained in their unconscious, instinctive minds. It had remained there as a mass

of undrained, unconscious emotion—an unrecognized, subconscious wish—the wish to escape. And when some final shock weakened the repression the wish expressed itself in a bodily symptom. A man, in fact, goes blind or deaf from shell-shock because a compulsive and instinctive fear has wished him so."

The curing of shell-shock is simple enough if the patient is safe from the danger of being returned to the trenches. Several thousand cases were cured by the signing of the armistice. But the problem is complicated by the fact that shell-shock is not a disease of cowards, but of brave men. It afflicts only the man who refuses to allow himself to be conscious of a feeling of fear. He could be saved from the disorder, according to Doctor X, if army doctors would go through the training camps and make some such speech as this:

"As soon as you face the dangers of the battlefield you will feel fear. Your body will register fear uncontrollably. This is instinctive. It cannot be prevented. It is fear, not cowardice. Do not attempt to suppress it. Say to yourself: 'My body is scared, but I am not. It is getting ready to run, but it is not going to run back; it is going to run forward. It is not

going to retreat, but to charge.' If you attempt to suppress your instinctive feeling of fear, you are likely to end in a hospital with a bad case of shell-shock."

In other words, Doctor X finds that if the instinctive emotion is not suppressed—if it is recognized, though not acted on—it will drain off harmlessly in the conscious mind. He adds: "Such a simple lesson in the psychology of the instinctive mind would prevent all the cases of pure shell-shock that I have seen, and it would go far to do the same for many of the complicated neuroses that are the result of physical injury added to shell-shock. Moreover, along with *every* instinctive emotion go definite physical changes similar to those that accompany instinctive fear. And these changes will appear as disease symptoms if the instinct has been blocked and the instinctive emotion suppressed into the unconscious mind."

Why?

"Well, broadly speaking," Doctor X says—and here is the crux of his whole theory—"instinct is the one thing in the mind of man that is both unconscious and compulsive. It is the same in animals. The bird that has an instinct to fly south at a certain season cannot resist when that time

comes; it has to go. A bird whose instinct it is to build its nest in a certain way cannot change the method; and it cannot leave the nest uncompleted. The action cannot be directed or controlled by the animal; the instinct is unconscious and it is compulsive. Civilized man represses his instincts. He tries to control and direct them. And commonly he succeeds, but more commonly he merely represses their direct expression and they escape into action in some disguised form."

Now is this really true of the other instincts of man—instincts less powerful and compelling than the instinct of flight and its emotion of fear? Let us see.

"I have recently had a patient," says Doctor X, "who was referred to me by a nose and throat specialist to be diagnosed. He was suffering with what seemed to be a constant and uninterrupted hay fever. His tonsils had been removed and the septum of his nose had been straightened, but without effect. My examination showed that he was suffering with a chronic congestion of the blood vessels on the inside of his nose—a sort of persistent 'blushing.'

"The blush of shame or anger was not originally confined to the face. An angry naked baby shows its resentment by turning

red over its whole body, and it is quite probable—though not proved—that this flushing occurs along the lining skin of the body also, so that an angry stomach is probably a blushing stomach. With the repression of emotion, the blushing of shame has been localized in the skin of the neck and face, and the nose has become a favored outlet for what we call the 'minimized' expression of anger—the snarling and snorting of animal rage in miniature.

"My patient's snuffing, sneezing nose so suggested the minimized expression of a repressed anger that I shifted my examination from his nose to his mind."

He proved to be a very intelligent man, manager of a large industry, with several thousand skilled workmen engaged in highly technical processes under his direction. He had a very broad outlook on life and on the duty of the individual to his fellow men. It showed in his lively sympathy for the problems and well-being of the workmen under him. It showed also in his outspoken patriotism and in his genuine regret that his age barred him from active service in the war against Germany, which we had just entered. And it showed, finally, in his confession that he was worried and distressed because the executive heads of his

corporation were getting their employees exempted from military service on the plea that the men were engaged in an essential war industry.

On further probing, this proved to be a very sore point with him. He knew that the government stood in great need of his skilled technicians. Many of the men wished to volunteer for special service. The wives of others were complaining that the neighbors were calling their husbands "slackers." He himself believed that the executive heads of the company were wrong. Yet he felt in duty bound to convince the men and their wives that the executive order was wise and just. He was, consequently, angry at his superiors, angry at himself, humiliated by his position, and full of exasperated resentment at the whole business. All of this he was loyally repressing. It was apparent only in his irritated nose.

"I explained to him what I thought was the matter," Doctor X continues. "He replied simply that the theory opened a new field of thought to him, and he wished to consider it. With that, he left me.

"When he returned he had solved his problem. He had resigned and applied for work with the government. An examination showed that his nose was already clearing

up. I ordered him to take a rest, but before he left for his holiday his nose had cured.

"Here we have an instinctive anger reaction replying automatically to the signal of interference in the course of moral self-assertion. If the whole process had occurred in the conscious mind, the flush of irritation would have been apparent and recognizable. But the emotion had been repressed; the symptom had been split off from it, and all that appeared in consciousness was the chronic bodily irritation. It was as if a cat, having assured herself that it was beneath her pride to be angered by the presence of a dog, had thereafter succeeded in ignoring the dog to the point of being unaware of the animal, but had been annoyed by the rising of her hair and had spent her time—and the time of a physician—trying either to smooth down her hair or to get a medicine that should calm the erective nerves at the base of the hair follicles.

"There was an interesting confirmation of my diagnosis in this fact: the patient's 'hay fever' was relieved rather than aggravated by the alkali dust of his boyhood home in the West; and he was always day-dreaming of buying a ranch there and escaping to the freedom of the prairie from

the confinement and subservience of his commercial work. It was part of his cure to encourage him to look forward to this Western haven of refuge as the goal of his career."

That is to say, the patient was immediately relieved by reordering his life so as to allow his suppressed instinct of self-assertion to express itself, and a permanent cure was provided for by bringing his suppressed subconscious wish into his conscious mind and allowing it to drain off there.

After this ego instinct—the instinct of self-assertion—perhaps the most powerful of all human instincts is the sex instinct.

"I have a patient who is suffering with a 'humiliated skin,'" says Doctor X. "She is unhappy with her husband who, she complains, offends against her self-respect. As a matter of fact she is unhappy because her ideal love image has been founded on her brother whom she idolized in girlhood, and no married relation is ideal to her. This revolt of the suppressed instinct of sex has been so thoroughly explored by the Freudian psychologists that I scarcely need refer to it. In my experience it is responsible for most of those diseases in women for which surgical operations are now so fashionable. Such operations rarely cure.

They amputate the symptom, so to speak, but they do not reach the cause of the symptom. They are commonly as ineffective as the operation on the septum of my friend's angry nose.

"It seems to me, however, that the Freudians err in seeking the origin of so many bodily and mental ills in the sexual instinct. True, that instinct is most repressed by our civilization and most potent in its resentment against repression, but it is also most frequently and successfully sublimated, converted into harmless energy, and socialized along channels that are for the general good of the herd. The subconscious mind itself — as the Freudian studies of dreams show — disguises the sexual impulse in symbols whose meaning is not easily recognized. I find that beneath these symbols is another layer of meaning in which the sexual content is displaced by other instinctive trends; and in my experience it is often a great mistake to expose to the patient the sexuality of dreams and impulses which his subconscious mind has disguised from him. I find that the exposure has little value as a curative. It is still necessary to re-establish the patient's defective personality or to reorder his life so as to remove the conflict. And fre-

quently, as I say, the exposure is valueless, because the psychic conflict is not really sexual."

He gives, as an example, the case of one of his patients, an ascetic and religious young man, who came to be treated for insomnia and nervous breakdown. His dreams showed strong sex repression, but they so disguised it that he could describe them without the slightest suspicion of their real meaning. They were nearly all dreams of his childhood—which indicated that he had not broken his home ties early enough in life. This proved to be true. He had been engaged to marry, but he had kept postponing his wedding, reluctant to begin life for himself, until a less dilatory lover ran off with his fiancée. As a result of that disaster, he had fallen ill. The illness increased his dependence. It also convinced him that he would never be well enough to take on the responsibilities of marriage. He had since left home, but he had abandoned all thoughts of love, and he was living the bachelor life of a hermit, completely ascetic and unsociable.

He had not only developed insomnia. He had also developed an aversion to beds. He sat up half the night reading, and often slept in his chair. He always traveled in

a day coach on the railroads, and the sight of a sleeping car filled him with irritation and dread.

Doctor X says: "I was struck by the fact that he constantly wore blue—not only blue serge clothes, but blue silk socks, blue neckties, or a blue band on his straw hat. When it appeared that he carried also a blue leather card case and a pocketbook of the same color I suspected an unconscious 'compulsion.'

"His explanation was that he had been told blue was his color, that it was becoming to him, that he always preferred it.

"I was struck also by the repeated appearance in his dreams of a little cousin named Roger, of whom he had been very fond in his boyhood days. Roger had died at the age of four. What was the significance of the subconscious image of this infant in his mind?"

Both puzzles were solved by a dream which he brought to be analyzed. "I dreamed I was at home," he said, "on the farm where I was born, and I was looking in the chicken house for eggs, and there was with me a small child who seemed to be baby Roger. I found an egg, but I dropped it and it broke. There was a hen sitting on some eggs, and Roger crawled back in a

corner and said he had found lots of eggs. I looked in the nest and it was full of eggs that were marked with a blue pencil. I told the baby that he mustn't touch the eggs and that we must get away so that the hen would come back and hatch them all into chickens."

"In order to discover what this dream meant," Doctor X continues, "I began to ask him to 'associate,' as we say, the objects in his dream with the ideas which they suggested—that is to say, to tell me what thoughts came to him when I said 'egg' or 'chicken house' or 'blue marks,' and so forth."

He at once recalled that as a child he had been in the habit of going with his mother to the chicken house to see her feed the chickens and gather the eggs. He recalled also that she marked with a blue pencil the eggs that were to be left to hatch and gathered only the unmarked ones. From this he had concluded it was the blue mark on the egg that made it fertile and produced a chicken. Blue, therefore, was a sign of fertility.

It also appeared that the egg which he had dropped in his dream represented his unhappy love affair, which had been frustrated. And the baby Roger represented his own child that had never been born.

It seemed too fantastic to suppose that this young man was wearing blue because of an unconscious and frustrated wish to have children, but further dreams repeated the symbol in so many forms that it was unmistakable. "Moreover," says Doctor X, "when I assured him that his fear of insomnia was not fear of a sleepless night, but fear of a loveless life, his insomnia began to improve. His phobia for sleeping cars and beds disappeared. Sleep rapidly resumed its normal aspects, but he suffered from the pain of his real disappointment, his failure to realize a love object.

"Instead of following the Freudian practice of interpreting the patient's dreams to him, I undertook to sublimate his repressed instincts. I pretended to accept his belief that his ill health forbade him to marry, but I pointed out that he could socialize his thwarted affection by devoting himself to acts of kindness and works of charity or reform, and achieve a measure of happiness by making others happy. As a result of that advice, he joined in some social and charitable church and settlement work. He improved so much in health that he soon ceased to consult me. The last time I heard from him he was deep in a 'platonic friendship' for a young woman at the settlement

house. I venture to prophesy that the first time he sees her in blue he will discover that he is in love with her."

I might go on reporting these cases endlessly. Doctor X has hundreds of them —cases of chronic ill health that came to him for diagnosis because the physicians who had been treating them had failed to cure them—cases of obscure nervous disorders that had no recognizable physical origin—cases of functional disturbance that looked as if they might be due to some trouble with the internal glands. And again and again he found that the illness was due to the blocking of an instinct or the repression of an instinctive emotion. And again and again he cured by first releasing the emotion into the conscious mind and then reordering the life of the patient so as to relieve the blocked instinct.

Instinctive fear is a common cause of illness in his practice, because it affects the heart and the thyroid gland. But this fear is not always the instinctive fear of physical danger, as in the case of the soldier. It may be the fear of moral danger; "for man," as he points out, "reacts to a menace against his moral welfare exactly as the animal reacts to a menace against its bodily safety; and the daily battering of the instinct of

fear—in the shape of worry, anxiety, or moral distress—against the heart and glands of the patient, will produce definite structural changes and a great degree of ill health."

He finds perhaps the most fruitful of all the causes of illness among his patients to be the blocking or suppression of the instinct of self-assertion, expressing itself in anger, resentment, jealousy, or a permanent conviction of failure and inferiority. Let me give a case of this sort which is interesting because of the light it throws on the psychology of revolt.

"I have a patient," he says, "a very gentle and charming man, sympathetic, artistic, a radical if not a Socialist in politics, especially interested in the betterment of working conditions, most violent in his opposition to child labor, considerate of the feelings of others, but easily irritated, and continually under medical treatment for all sorts of physical ills. He has a minor position under the municipal government. He complains, privately, with great bitterness, of injustices that are put upon him by his chief, and shows strong emotion in his resentment. At other moments he seems truly fond of this man, and blames the friction on the imperfections of municipal government. His main difficulty is his lack

of interest in his work, and, consequently, of 'going power.' He has always to force himself to begin his routine tasks by an effort of will; he tires easily; and he has to whip himself up again and again. This he attributes to his physical condition. Now, let us look at his youth."

He was born in a small country town, of poor parents. He was set to work at an early age, and at twelve he was slaving on a farm from five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night. The farm was four miles from his home, and he had to walk that distance, night and morning.

One Fourth of July he wanted a holiday, to go to a baseball game. His father, a very stern and religious man, ordered him off to his work. He started out, but a shower overtook him on the way, and he accepted it as an excuse for turning back, since it was haying time and no work could be done till the grass dried again. He played truant around town till midday. When he returned home for dinner his enraged father went after him with a stick. For the first time in his life he resisted and struck back. He was severely beaten, lectured into a state of horror at himself for having struck his father, and sent to the farm to apologize for his truancy.

The whole incident made a profound impression on him. He had a great admiration for his father, who played the organ in the church choir, composed music, practiced on the 'cello at home, and lifted the boy to ecstatic heights of emotion in the evening when he lay in bed listening.

"That little drama of the Fourth of July," says Doctor X, "proved to be the key to my patient's whole character. I found that, in his dreams, authority was always symbolized by the razor-backed plow-horse which he used to follow back and forth through the rows of corn. I found that in his daily life, whenever the generous impulses of affection were brought into play, they were at once mysteriously embittered at the least sign of injustice. The drama of his life was the drama of his childhood repeated with various changes in the cast, but no change in the characters. The city government had taken over the father's role, and the bureau chief was substituting for the farmer. Revolt against his father's tyranny had become a revolt against social injustice—as it becomes in many reformers. Fear of the father's punishment had become a morbid fear of losing his job. The excuse for an escape from work afforded by the storm in his boyhood had become the excuse

of ill health. His ill health, however, was exactly the sort that would follow if one subjected one's body to the shattering influence of continual anger. It might be accurately described as 'structuralized resentment.' His own explanation was that overwork had broken down a body always undeveloped because of the effects of child labor."

Here we have health ruined by an early blocking of instinctive trends and by the conflict of emotions resulting from the constant repetition of the drama of childhood. The patient has been helped by making him aware of the conflict, by bringing it into his conscious mind. But it is difficult to cure him, because it is impossible to change his life so as to avoid the reduplication of the "symbols" of the childhood drama.

And that is one of the strange things about the instinctive mind. Being a dream mind that thinks only in pictures—in "symbols" —all its instinctive emotions can be started up by the reappearance of one of these symbols away from its context.

For instance: "A woman," says Doctor X, "came to me suffering from insomnia and depression. No reason for her condition was apparent until she admitted a peculiar circumstance: she could not sleep

if there was a certain chair in the room. The sight of the chair always filled her with dread. She had refused to 'humor this nonsense' in herself by getting rid of the chair, and had struggled against the feeling. The chair was evidently a symbol. Of what?

"The patient was a woman of culture who felt very keenly the loneliness of approaching old age. She had bulwarked herself against thoughts of age and death by surrounding herself with youthful friends and companions. One of these friends, of whom she was most fond, had been accustomed to sit in the now dreaded chair. Two days after such a visit the friend had suddenly died of pneumonia. Death had been leaning over that chair. But my patient would not allow the fear of death to have a place in her mind. Consequently the feeling appeared only as an unexplainable dread of the chair, an insomnia connected with the sight of the chair, and a mysterious illness and depression.

"Another patient had a violent hatred of red, of the odor of peppermint, of sticks of candy, and of dark women, particularly if they wore anything red. Any of these symbols was sufficient to affect her with an emotion of dread and repulsion, and the feeling of fear had been active in warping

her life, ruining her health, and thwarting her happiness. All these symbols were easily traced back to a day in her early childhood when a gypsy woman had tried to abduct her by first luring her away from her home with a stick of peppermint candy, striped in red and white.

"Still another patient, a married woman, devoted to her husband, became morbidly afraid that she was losing her mind. For no apparent reason, at unaccountable moments, she would develop the most violent nervous agitation and rush out of the house, quite distraught, to seek refuge with her neighbors and confide her fears to them. These attacks began in a wave of dread so unreasonable that it seemed to her as if her mind were giving way. As soon as I took her back to the actual moment of each seizure, it became apparent that several of them had begun with the ringing of a telephone bell. One had arisen upon sight of a coat of a peculiar color. Still another was connected with the right-hand cushion of an automobile.

"The explanation was so simple that the only mystery was her unconsciousness of it. I found that one night, about six o'clock, her telephone bell had rung while her husband was out automobiling, and a strange

voice had abruptly communicated a bit of slanderous gossip about him and the woman who was his companion in the car. The coat was like the one worn by his companion, who sat at the right-hand side of the car.

"The wife had proudly refused to mention the matter to her husband. She had suppressed her instinctive jealousy determinedly. By so doing she had afflicted herself with a 'floating anxiety' that made her think she was going crazy. She was cured by being taught to say to herself, 'I am afraid of losing my husband,' whenever she found herself thinking, 'I am afraid of losing my mind.' With her husband's assistance her natural jealousy was also removed, and the whole phobia disappeared."

Now, we do not know how the bodily symptoms of a psychic conflict can be cured by simply bringing the conflict into the conscious mind and relieving the repression. Apparently the emotion drains itself off harmlessly in consciousness; whereas, if it is suppressed into the unconscious mind, it either leaks disastrously into the vegetative nervous system or gets into the conscious mind as an unexplained emotion, such as an anxiety, or transforms its energy into an impulse to compulsive thoughts and actions.

We shall have to consider, in subsequent

chapters, the reappearance of these repressions in the form of uncontrollable impulses. And the manner in which they produce unhappiness and mental strain will also be discussed hereafter. For the moment, we are concerned only with their effect on health. It is a sufficiently inexhaustible subject. A whole library of monographs would not do it justice. A repressed instinctive emotion may transform itself into the symptoms of almost any physical disorder that will help the patient to escape from his mental distress—as the shell-shock victim goes blind because of his unconscious wish to escape from the battlefield. Deafness, blindness, paralysis, epilepsy, and various sorts of insanity may be so produced. Where the emotion is less powerful, it may be repressed into the switchboard of the unconscious bodily processes which physicians call "the vegetative nervous system"; and there it may cause almost any sort of obscure functional disturbance, not only in the nervous system itself, but in the digestive processes and all the organs of digestion, in the internal glands and their secretions, in the circulatory system and the blood, and most easily of all apparently in the skin.

I have watched the cure of one of Doctor X's patients who had been for years under

treatment by specialists, and they had pursued the symptoms of disorders of the eye, ear, throat, and nose from organ to organ diligently, operating on the tonsils, straightening the septum of the nose, treating the ears, removing infected teeth, and so forth endlessly, until Doctor X—being consulted as a goiter expert—found that the patient's medical history had begun with a pathological blushing, and he cured the whole trouble by removing the repression from which all the symptoms arose. Similarly, I have followed the case of another patient who had spent years under treatment, first for indigestion, then for diseases of the pelvic region, and finally for neurasthenia complicated by a "floating kidney," before he came to Doctor X for diagnosis, and was cured in a few months by being relieved of the unconscious repressions from which he was really suffering.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to give the medical details of such cases here, or to attempt to instruct the general reader in the method by which they may be diagnosed and treated. The repression is often complex and involved—repression added to repression—and the cure is correspondingly long and difficult. It is enough for our purposes to consider, not how these dis-

orders may be cured, but how they may be prevented. And the method of prevention is this:

If you wish to keep well, do not try to repress your emotions, your instinctive feelings, your compulsive thoughts. Do not act on them, necessarily; but always allow them to drain themselves off in your conscious mind. "However mean and cowardly and impious and undutiful and low they may be," Doctor X advises, "accept them into the most airy chamber of your thought and examine them there unabashed. If you drive them down into your secret cellar, they may end by tearing down the whole house. If you welcome them into your parlor, you may be surprised to see how quickly they will wash their faces and change their clothes and make themselves respectable."

At first sight, this seems a simple prescription. It is, in fact, startling and revolutionary. Half the sins of the church catalogue are sins of thought. Our religious education has largely directed itself to the government of our minds. To think murder is to do murder. Hatred, envy, jealousy, concupiscence, anger, pride, and so forth, are all only one degree less sinful than the actions which they might inspire.

"It is not my business to argue that such

teaching is bad as ethics or religion," says Doctor X. "I wish only to point out that it fails of its purpose. The boy who suppresses his instinctive hatred of an unjust father as a sin is much more likely to behave unconsciously as if he hated his father than if he allowed the feeling to drain off in his conscious mind. He is also more likely to destroy his health, his happiness, and his whole efficiency as a member of society—for the suppressed hatred is almost sure to escape him either as a physical disturbance such as a hate neurosis or as a transferred hate against authority in school, in government, or in religion. The man who suppresses his instinctive anger—which is the wish to kill—is much more likely to be overtaken by the ungovernable impulse to kill, and to act on it with some form of violence, than the man who lets the wish into his conscious mind, and faces it and says to it, 'You may have your own way in my thoughts, but you cannot get into my actions.' And having let these thoughts be recognized in your mind, you are then more able to find a way to readjust your life so as to be rid of them."

Whether Doctor X wishes to argue it or not, his prescription means that our moral authorities have been making the same

mistake about our other instinctive and "sinful" impulses as the military authorities have been making about our instinctive fear. By teaching us that we must suppress such thoughts from our minds with shame and self-reproach, they have betrayed us all into various forms of moral shell-shock that have defeated the ends of morality. For, just as the subconscious wish to escape from the battlefield may attain its purpose by blinding its victim, our other suppressed instinctive wishes succeed in evading our moral censors by adopting similar disguises.

And whether Doctor X wishes to argue it or not, this new light on our moral problems is going to force as great a change in our ethical and religious teaching as the theory of the subconscious mind is already making in the practice of medicine. It is the beginning of a new quarrel between science and religion beside which the controversies over the Darwinian theory will seem mild enough. And it is the beginning of a hope that after centuries of failure to control the instinctive animal in man—his passions and his cruelties—ethics and philosophy have at last been given a clue to problems that have been the despair of ethics and philosophy since man began to think about himself.

CHAPTER IV

IN CHILDHOOD

HERE we are, then, with three great facts about ourselves: our subconscious mind is the animal mind through which our instincts work; our instincts are as compulsive with us as with the animals, and move us by means of instinctive emotions that register in our conscious minds as dumb, unreasoning wishes; and if we repress these emotions from our minds, instead of letting them drain off in consciousness, they are likely to reappear as bodily symptoms of disease and wreck our health. Furthermore, these instinctive emotions in man, as in the animals, have starting signals, which we call "symbols"—such as the "love image," which is the starting signal for instinctive affection—and we are liable to be as mechanically moved by these symbols as the rabbit is automatically set in motion by the bark of a dog.

This, however, is not the whole of the extraordinary business. The subconscious mind is the mind with which we are born.

IN CHILDHOOD

It is the mind that controls us before we develop a conscious intelligence, a thinking mind, at all. It has a record of infantile experiences and conclusions that persist in all of us, though we are unaware of them. And these have a powerful, though unconscious, influence on us in our later years.

Let us see what some of these influences are.

As Doctor X points out, before a child is born its physical machine is complete, except that oxygen is supplied from the maternal body and not through the child's lungs. It is not breathing. Its heart is beating and its other organs functioning under the direction of what physicians call the "vegetative nervous system"—that is to say, without the aid of consciousness. The heart has been beating for months, so that it has acquired a protective habit of action which makes it more independent of conscious thought than other organs are. Impressions are being registered on the brain, but they are impressions of perfect contentment. The whole period is one that he calls "the period of omnipotent indolence."

"Our insane asylums," he says, "are full of minds that have reverted to this state. It is the inertia and contentment which is imitated by the warm bath, the nest or

burrow, or the mother's arms. It is the inertia which the utterly broken man experiences. We see it very clearly in the 'cavern dreams' of a certain class of psychotics. It is the goal of escape for many who commit suicide."

Immediately upon birth, this condition of indolent contentment undergoes a terrifying change. The body is assailed by sensations of roughness and cold and shocking discomfort. It is also assailed by the danger of suffocation, because the maternal supply of oxygen has been cut off and the lungs are not yet working. The child in its agony utters a cry. That cry saves its life. The lungs receive their oxygen. The danger of suffocation is averted. And the symbol of what Doctor X calls "the magic cry" is established in the child's subconscious mind.

"It is probable," he says, "that the agony of birth also establishes in our subconscious mind the fear of death by suffocation as the great symbol of danger. In most people the first expression of panic under physical or psychic stress is the cry, 'I can't get my breath!' Nervous patients — neurotics — always tell you that in crowds or on street cars they 'feel suffocated.' The convulsive 'chest heaves' of the moving-picture heroines in distress simulate a normal expression

of the same nature. And the escape from suffocation—the act of breathing—comes to be a symbol, too. Throughout life, thereafter, a deep breath becomes the expression of every sort of escape, of every feeling of freedom or of power. It signalizes the escape from the oppression of an enemy's presence as well as the removal of a mental worry. A sigh expresses the wish for freedom from a weight of care. The proud man puffs out his chest."

The infant, with its lungs supplied, feels its next discomfort in a hungry contraction of the stomach which obtrudes upon the quiet contentment of breathing. The magic cry is again resorted to, and food is supplied to sucking movements. Sucking is thereby demonstrated to be a device that dispels discomfort, and the infant uses it, thereafter, to allay discomfort of any kind. The "pacifier," the "comforter," has power not only over hunger, but over cold, lonesomeness, and pain. It continues to have that power in the subconscious mind throughout life. At first, the unconscious impulse takes the form of thumb-sucking. The older child, when it is embarrassed, puts its finger in its mouth. The laborious young penman sucks his tongue. Adults suck the insides of their cheeks or bite a penholder when

they are puzzled. The cigar, the quid of chewing tobacco, the cigarette, the chewing gum, or the caramel are adult aids to a condition of sucking satisfaction. Eating has a power of restoring self-confidence that exceeds mere food values.

When the infant's skin reports discomfort it cries again, and the cry brings the mother to relieve it. Skin warmth and smoothness become a fixed "pleasure value" to the subconscious mind. To sit by a warm fire in a soft smoking jacket, sucking a pipe or a cigar, is the acme of many a tired man's wishes. "It is a state," Doctor X remarks, "that differs in no material way from the comfort of the third day of life, and it restores confidence because it repeats and reproduces a 'stage set'—so to speak—that is of proven value to the subconscious mind. I find that many patients suffering with subconscious fears must have the silkiest clothes and warmest contacts in order to feel well. I find that the Turkish bath, the massage, and many rather faddish treatments of nervous diseases owe their value to the feeling of security which arises from an unconscious connection with the 'security values' of early childhood. Any stroking of the skin, for instance, appears to have an unconscious connection with the pres-

ence of the first object of recognition, the mother."

The cradled child, by virtue of his magic cry, lives in a sort of semiomnipotence. He is a perfect egoist. He is completely self-centered, rejoicing in "organ pleasures" wholly. He is happy in the satisfaction of his physical needs. His first appreciations of pleasure and power are shown in the performance of his bodily functions. His first convictions of well-being apparently arise from the good "feeling tones" that are reported to his unconscious mind from all his vital organs. "And I find in my practice," says Doctor X, "that these values persist as things of basic importance to happiness in later life. All the organs of the body seem constantly to be sending messages to the subconscious mind, reporting their condition. And the sum of their reports makes what we call the 'feeling' of well-being or its opposite. If the total of these 'feeling tones' is adverse, we are gloomy, melancholy, or generally 'feeling bad.' If the whole stream of feeling tones is good, we are cheerful, optimistic, happy. I find that much adult happiness has this subconscious basis. That is particularly true of cheerfulness in the face of adversity."

He is a wise man, therefore, who tries to

re-establish these good-feeling tones by rejoicing in his body like a child. He will make the beginning of a happy and self-confident day by preparing for himself a comfortable body and taking pleasure in it. A little exercise, the freedom of a leisurely bath, and the refreshment of skin friction will help to establish an unconscious sense of well-being. So will the completion of digestive process, which gives to the child feelings of satisfaction and power that are often lost to the adult because of false education. Breathing is a pleasure ennobled by its first importance as an escape from death; and by breathing deeply and well you can acquire a sense of innate self-confidence that defies unhappiness. Eating, as a child eats, with absorbed attention, is another device to restore subconscious well-being. And walking, which brings the child its first taste of real ability, has an amazing value to the instinctive mind if you walk erectly, breathing deep, in a correct posture, with the abdomen in and the chest out.

Throughout the day, a cramped position, a glaring light, annoying sounds, a chilly skin, aching feet, or gastric irritation may turn discomfort into unhappiness and convert initiative into inertia. "The child," says Doctor X, "demands with loud wails

the removal of any cause of discontent. Consider the infant and learn wisdom. We rather despise the man who coddles his body, but if coddling increases energy, what then? Consider that domesticated dynamo, the cat. No animal values its comfort more. Yet no animal has a more tireless energy when energy is called for."

To return to the child—his stage of cradled egoism and organ pleasures ends with the recognition of his weakness which comes when he begins to try to walk. He learns that his self is insufficient. He seeks a higher power, and finds it in his mother. To such mind as he has at the time, her power is supernatural. The foundation of religion is laid. And, like all primitive minds, he learns to invoke that supernatural power by what Doctor X calls "incantations."

That is to say, the child discovers devices by means of which he attracts the mother's attention, and obtains assistance, approval, protection, and the general satisfaction of his ego. These devices progress along the line of "showing off." He learns many endearing ways of winning his mother's caresses, and her approval lays the foundations of conscience. At the same time he obtains power through self-assertion, and he is thereby compensated for the loss of his

indolent "organ pleasures" and for the impairment of the original self-sufficiency of his cradled egoism.

"He is now," says Doctor X, "at a very dangerous point in his growth." His mind is almost wholly an unconscious mind, the mind of animal instincts, the primitive mind of early savagery that has to be civilized and socialized. The process may easily be disastrous. Why?

Let me first give some instances from Doctor X's cases.

Among them is a little girl named Amy, who had developed such a rapid heartbeat that her physician concluded she must be suffering from thyroid trouble and sent her to Doctor X for diagnosis. She was very nervous. She had incipient symptoms of St. Vitus's dance. Since any exaggerated activity of the thyroid gland gives an accelerated pulse and similar functional disturbances, it was naturally supposed that her thyroid was affected.

Her mother came with her. She was a well-to-do widow, living in apartments, and Amy was her only child. She was in a pitiful state of nervous anxiety herself. She was, in fact, almost as nervous as her daughter.

"Examination showed," the doctor says,

"that Amy had no thyroid trouble—that she had, in fact, no physical defect sufficient to account for her condition. She was pale and peaked-looking, subject to bronchitis, wearing clothing that was much too heavy for the season, undernourished and oversensitive, but basically sound. I found only a mild infection of the tonsils. When I advised that these should be removed the mother cried out against it. She could not have her child operated on. Amy might die. She could not face that danger to her daughter. She began to weep, and so did Amy."

"Very well," the doctor said, "perhaps it will not be necessary. Let us see." And he began to explore for the secret spring.

It was, he found, "as plain as the nose on little Amy's face." She had been subject to "night terrors" from infancy. She would wake up screaming, pursued by nightmares, and unable for some moments to recognize her mother when her mother tried to calm her. There was fear, therefore, in the child's subconscious mind—in her dream mind. What was that fear?

Her mother would not let her play with other children for fear she might be hurt. Her mother would not let her go to school alone for fear she might be run over crossing

the street. She walked with Amy to school, and called for her when school was dismissed, so as to walk home with her. She never let Amy out of her sight if she could help it for fear that something might happen. She worried continually about Amy's health, kept her in an overheated apartment all winter and overdressed her to go outdoors. In fact, she was in a constant state of fluttering panic about the child.

"Now," the doctor explains, "when an infant starts out in life its one place of security is its mother's arms. On the approach of a stranger, or after the disappointment of a fall, or when it has been defeated by another child, it will fly to its mother. The mother's arms are really a haven of refuge where it may replenish its strength—like Antæus in the fable, who was renewed by contact with Mother Earth. All the child's infantile defeats are repaired by maternal affection. It is encouraged to try again, fortified against fear, given new confidence and assisted toward its independence—which it early begins to develop as the result of its instinct of self-assertion."

It was evident that when little Amy in childish terror had sought her mother's protection she had found there only a fear like her own, and this fear had registered

so early in her life that it was now deep in her subconscious mind. It came out at night in her dreams. All the accumulated infantile terrors of a baby facing the accidents and uncertainties of its first steps in the world were waiting in nightmares for Amy. That much was plain.

It was also discoverable from Amy herself that her contact with the other children in school had taught her the necessity of suppressing her fears as "babyish," and she had evidently been trying to suppress them. But she could not repress the physical changes that go with fear, and it was these physical effects that were being mistaken for the symptoms of thyroid disturbance.

The cure was difficult, because it was first necessary to cure the mother—which was a different matter. However, on making it plain to her that her child was being literally frightened to death, it became possible for Doctor X to use her maternal love against what was, in her, really a fear of death, disguised as various ungovernable anxieties. These, by the way, included not only her fear for her daughter's life and safety, but a dread of financial disaster, showing itself as miserliness. "And miserliness," Doctor X remarks, "is one of the commonest masks that the fear of death assumes."

"Amy," he says, "was assisted toward health by the development of that instinct of love for the opposite sex which comes with adolescence. Such is nature's way of completing the detachment of the child from the parent. If Amy finds a husband who will give her the sense of security which her mother failed to give her, she may grow to be a fairly normal and happy woman. The chances, of course, are against her. Her mother has done her what may easily prove to be an injury that cannot be repaired."

Here is another case, involving not the instinct of fear, but of affection:

There came to Doctor X recently an Irish boy of nineteen or twenty who was having trouble with his eyes. He was a clerk working on accounts in a business office. His eyes were "all to the bad," as he said. Whenever he tried to work on his books black specks appeared around the figures; and if he persisted in trying to work, the specks accumulated until they blotted the figures out. He was frightened. He was afraid of losing his sight. He had gone to an oculist; and the oculist, having failed to find any defect in his eyes, had sent him to Doctor X.

"I found him," he says, "a fairly healthy

young specimen of humanity, handsome, rather soft, with an appealing and intimidated look in his eyes which I supposed came from his fear for his sight. A physical examination discovered nothing to account for his condition. I began to go into his history with him to find whether some repression was breaking through in his eyes."

Doctor X supposed that the repressed instinct was probably the sexual instinct natural at the boy's age. Not so. He was not in love with any girl. He had no girl friends. He did not go around with young people much. He gave most of his spare time to his mother. She was a widow with a small income. They lived together, without a servant, in a little flat, and they were quite comfortable and happy. He was not planning any career. He had no definite ambition. At fifteen he had thought seriously of studying for the priesthood, but he had given up the idea because it would separate him from his mother. Being a devout Roman Catholic, he was now making amends by going to church twice every Sunday. She accompanied him.

The doctor said: "It's too bad she's growing old. What will you do when she dies?"

He had touched the spring. "If I had

poked my finger into an unbearable sore spot," he says, "I could not have brought a more convulsive expression of pain to his face. His eyes filled with tears. He could not speak."

"Was she ill?"

"No. She was not very strong, but he did not let her work much."

"Wasn't she lonely when he was away at work?"

"Yes, but he always hurried home at noon to see how she was, and he had had a telephone installed in the flat so that he might call her up whenever he felt anxious about her.

"The thought of her death, of course, was terrible. He remembered that at fifteen he had decided he would like to die if she died. Now that he was unable to work, he stayed at home with her, helped her to keep the flat in order, went shopping with her, and either played cards with her in the evening or sat smoking while she read the newspaper to him."

"Did the black specks interfere with his card playing?"

"No. They were only really bad when he worked with figures at the office. She did not let him use his eyes much at home."

"In short," the doctor says, "it was

evident that the black specks in his eyes were the physical mechanism by which he was fulfilling his subconscious wish to escape from his work and stay home with his mother. I explained to the boy what was the matter with him. I advised him to yield to his instinctive wish for the love and protection of his mother's care and to remain at home for the present. I also persuaded him to lean on me. By that last item of advice I obtained what we call a 'transference.' His father was dead. I was accepted by him, unconsciously, in the place of that 'father image' which is often so strong an influence in life even when no father is remembered. I began to share with his mother in his childish need for a place of security and refuge from the world.

"The specks in his eyes disappeared at once, but the remainder of his cure is going to be no easy matter. At his best, he will never be able to play an independent part in life. If he marries, it will probably be a woman older than he, to whom he will transfer his 'mother image', but this will hardly occur till after his mother's death. He will always be a shrinking, sensitive, dependent person, content with a humble but secure position on a small salary, incapable of initiative, honest, devoutly re-

ligious, below the average in energy, parasitic, and of little use to the world."

Now let us take a third case that is both more complicated and more illuminating.

A boy named Tommy Arnold (let us say) was brought to Doctor X about a year ago, suffering with two "tics"—one a continual nervous sniffing, and the other a rolling aversion of the eyes. He had a fear of automobiles that amounted to a phobia; the sight of one approaching sent him into a panic, and it was quite impossible for him to cross a street if there were any autos in sight. He had completely broken down in his lessons at school. His teachers had pronounced him unteachable. They were convinced—and his parents were afraid—that he was mentally defective. He had been sent to Doctor X, as a "nerve specialist," to discover what obscure nervous disorder was ruining him; and the physician who sent him suggested that there was probably a disturbance of his internal glands.

"There he sat," Doctor X recalls it, "in my big leather armchair, with his feet sticking out in front of him, scowling and sniffing and rolling his eyes—a bullet-headed small boy of seven, with a sensitive, intelligent face—a little frightened, a little sulky, listening to his worried mother's report upon

him as if he were in his father's study hearing the tale of his latest wrongdoing and expecting consequences not pleasant to anticipate."

His parents were healthy and well-to-do. He was well built and fairly well nourished. A thorough physical examination found no obvious disease. He was like a watch that had no apparent mechanical defect and yet refused to keep time.

"If such a boy had been brought to me ten or fifteen years ago," the doctor says, "I should have been able to do nothing for him except give him some calming drugs for his nerves and assure his mother that he would probably 'outgrow' his troubles. But nowadays we can do a little better than that. I got his mother to leave him with me, and as soon as I had somewhat gained his confidence I began to explore his mind.

"It seemed that his chief difficulty in school was with arithmetic. He could not do 'sums.' I gave him lists of figures to repeat after me, and I found that very often when I gave him a 2 he repeated it as a 5. Apparently he did that without being aware of it. I tried him often enough to be sure that the substitution was what we call a 'compulsion' and not within his control. Then I asked him, 'Who is 5?'

"And after a moment's thought he answered, reluctantly, 'Mother.'"

She was 5, it seemed, because at five o'clock she gave herself up for an hour to the company of her children, playing with them, amusing them, telling them stories.

"And who," the doctor asked, "is 2?"

Two proved to be both a nurse whom Tommy disliked and a teacher at school, a Miss W, who had been tyrannical. The nurse was round-shouldered, like a 2, and the teacher sat bent over her desk. He loved 5's as he loved his mother, and he loathed 2's as he loathed his teacher. Hence the substitution. But that substitution had become unconscious and beyond his control —which indicated that a suppressed instinct was taking advantage of him.

"I set myself to trace this action back to the instinct that inspired it," Doctcr X continues, "and I found that the process was simple enough. He was more than ordinarily affectionate toward his mother, and more than ordinarily jealous of anyone who shared her love. He was ungovernably jealous of his younger brother, whom I found to be his mother's favorite—so that his jealousy was justified. That jealousy had shown itself in quarrels, nursery violences, small persecutions, and ungovernable

bad temper. The nurse also favored the younger brother; she had interfered to protect him from Tommy; she had taken sides against Tommy; and she had generally turned the powers of his nursery world against him. Consequently Tommy was in a state of angry revolt that made him impossible. When his mother remonstrated with him he could not explain or justify his conduct. He didn't know what was the matter with himself. He blurted out that he 'hated' both his brother and his nurse.

"The mother reproved him. She told him that it was a sin and a disgrace for him to hate his brother and his nurse. No little boy of hers could have such feelings. They were shocking. They pained her. They made her most unhappy.

"To Tommy, of course, his mother's word was more than a commandment from on high. By her reproaches his instinctive love for her was aroused to repress his emotions of anger and ill will against his brother and his nurse. But his machinery of repression was still immature. The emotions that he was trying to repress had apparently escaped his control when they found the symbols 2 and 5 behind which to masquerade. Moreover, they were presumably coming out in an ungovernable dislike of his teacher when

he prevented them from expressing themselves in his relations with his brother and his nurse."

So far, good enough. "Apparently" and "presumably," as Doctor X says, this was what was wrong with him. But how about his two "tics"—the continual sniffing and the rolling of the eyes?

They proved simple enough, too. Miss W, the hated teacher, used a strong perfume. Tommy had a front seat at school where the odor was powerful. He had been in the habit of wrinkling up his nose at it malevolently, and one of the other pupils told the teacher that Tommy was sniffing at her, and the teacher sent Tommy to an undesirable seat at the back of the room as a punishment. Tommy retaliated by continuing to sniff in order to express hostility.

Similary with the rolling of his eyes. The teacher had accused him of glancing down, out of the corners of his eyes, at the written answers of a pupil on his left. The accusation was unjust, and Tommy, in his resentment, had been rolling his eyes up, in the opposite direction, to the right. Now, whenever he was displeased or resentful, he repressed the voicing of it, but sniffed and rolled his eyes up. Hence the tics.

And the phobia about automobiles? Well, he had seen one of his playmates run over by an auto on the street. It was probably this nervous shock that had weakened his repressive mechanism and allowed all his repressed instinctive emotions to escape in the disguised forms which they had taken. In any event, it had given him a very natural fear of autos. He lived in a part of the city where he had to cross a main avenue to go to school; the avenue was always crowded with autos, of course. He did not wish to go to school, because he disliked his teacher. "Consequently," as Doctor X says, "his fear of autos became a phobia—an unreasoning, ungovernable fear—in order to prevent him from crossing the avenue to reach his school. Like all phobias, it disguised a hidden wish—the wish, in this case, to remain at home with his mother."

That was the whole trouble, then. Tommy was not mentally defective. He was more than ordinarily bright. He was simply shaken and bewildered by the struggle to repress instincts and control emotions that were too strong for him. A child's jealousy of his mother's love can be as potent as a husband's jealousy of his wife. Imagine Othello, at the height of his jealousy for

Desdemona, suffering also under the oppressions of the Doge of Venice, being put upon by the authority of Desdemona's father and compelled to conceal his triple rage. Don't you think that he might have developed a few tics himself?

"It was easy enough to explain Tommy's jealousy to his mother," Doctor X says. "She admitted that she had been unconsciously favoring the younger boy, and she undertook to stop it. It was more difficult to make her sympathize with Tommy's ungovernable bad temper. What is anger in a child? What is anger in an animal?

"An animal in search of food finds his path blocked by another animal seeking the same food. He wavers—he is about to withdraw. Suddenly, anger reinforces his hunger instinct; he overcomes his adversary; and gains the food that prolongs his life. Or an animal in flight finds his escape impeded; and a frenzy of rage, reinforcing his instinct of flight, enables him to tear himself loose and escape to security. Or an animal, in quest of his mate, is threatened by a rival; anger reinforces his instinct of sex and produces jealousy—the most ruthless of all emotions—and he drives off his rival. In other words, anger is not a primary emotion. It is aroused by the blocking of an instinct.

It is a sort of emergency jack which springs the motor mechanism of the instinct loose from inertia.

"In a child of Tommy's age the instinct of self-assertion is most active, most annoying to his elders, and most certain to be checked by them. The checking of it is the most frequent cause of childish anger. Tommy was not only suffering with the anger of jealousy. He was being checked by his nurse in his instinct of self-assertion, and similarly by his teacher.

"It was necessary to explain to his mother how valuable this instinct of self-assertion is to the formation of a child's character, how it gives him independence and self-reliance, and saves him in after years from a sense of inferiority and from all the unhappiness of too great humility and sensitiveness and inability to face the hard realities of life. It was necessary to show her, also, how this instinct of self-assertion might without injury be deflected into useful channels—as the sheep dog, forbidden its wolfish tendency to kill, satisfies its instinct by running around the flock and herding it; or the retriever, originally accustomed to eating its prey, satisfies the deflected instinct by finding and bringing back the game.

"I had to warn her particularly—as all mothers should be warned—against appealing to his instinctive love for her to check his self-assertiveness. One instinct can wholly block another, as in the migratory bird that is held back by the call of its helpless fledglings and spends days in indecision, departing and returning, until one instinct conquers the other. Such conflicts and indecisions in the child are certain to be reproduced in his later life with ruinous consequences.

"I found that Tommy had had no trouble with his first teachers. He had had none until he came under a teacher who attempted to break him, as the nurse had. The figure 2 had become a symbol of this tyranny, just as the 5 symbolized the freedom and happiness which he enjoyed with his mother. The all-powerful wish to escape from tyranny into happiness was expressing itself in the substitution of 5's for 2's. It was easy enough to persuade Tommy that he should not impose on his beloved 5's all the work that his 2's ought to be doing, but it was also necessary to have his mother check the nurse's oppression and remove Tommy from the teacher's control—at least until he could be cured. The real work of healing came in the effort to connect again with his

instinctive emotions the manifestations of them which had been split off.

"Although an instinct compels some form of physical expression, it will accept a lesser expression for a greater one. The wolfish snarl of an animal showing its teeth becomes the polite sneer of the cynic, through what we call 'a process of physical minimization.' The blow of anger becomes the clenched hand. The face of the civilized man expresses emotions which would be given expression in action by the savage, and our faces are made more mobile by the process. In Tommy, the sniff accepted the duty of expressing anger the more readily because in many animals the sniff serves to denote angry disgust.

"It was necessary to teach Tommy to say to himself, 'I'm jealous of my brother,' instead of saying, 'I hate him.' It was also necessary to teach him not to repress his anger, but to vent it in some innocent way—to go into another room, for instance, and kick a chair instead of striking his brother. Instead of sniffing his resentment he had to be taught to say to himself: 'I'm mad. I'm good and mad!' so as to let the emotion loose in its proper channel. And, as a matter of fact, he was so young and his repressions were so near the surface that

the whole thing worked like magic. On his third visit to me his tics were almost gone. He handled his 2's and 5's without confusing them. And his fear of automobiles was no longer a phobia. The rest was in his mother's hands, and she managed beautifully.

"To-day Tommy is a normal boy again. I warned his mother against indulging his affection for her to such a degree that he might become too dependent on her, and he seems to be growing up a natural little savage, as a boy should."

The blocking and repressing of our instincts takes place chiefly in childhood. It is then that our parents, our teachers, and our companions undertake to educate and mold us—and our rebellious instincts—in accordance with the precepts and social practices that we call "civilization." That molding is done, at present, blindly. Without any knowledge of the subconscious mind—without even a realization that it exists—the attempt is made to govern and direct it. The result, according to Doctor X's list of patients, is lamentable.

The three examples of childish breakdown that I have given in this article are good specimens of a faulty and thwarted growth of instincts. Little Amy had been retarded in the period of infantile fear. The Irish

boy had been kept in the later period of dependence on his mother. Tommy Arnold had been repressed to the point of physical ruin. "All three," says Doctor X, "had been hampered in developing the instinct of self-assertion, and the integrity of that instinct is vitally necessary to the true growth of the mind.

"I should say," he adds, "that the growth of the British Empire is fundamentally due to the English practice of sending boys to boarding school at an early age; it has made the English adventurous colonizers. And the fact that the French do not easily leave the mother country is probably due to the home-keeping tendency of French family life. The children of the poor are more likely to develop initiative than the over-mothered children of the well-to-do, for a similar reason. A tyrannical parent is almost certain to establish in a child a subconscious sense of inferiority that will depress his whole career. A child whose curiosity has been early discouraged will never be a great scientist."

As an example of how subtle these influences on the child can be, let me cite the case of another of Doctor X's patients. He is a promoter, engaged in obtaining money to finance industrial enterprises. He had

come to Doctor X in a condition of "nervous breakdown," and the doctor noticed that he was depressed by a feeling of general ill luck. He complained that whenever he had a "deal" practically arranged to the final detail something always happened to interfere with it. He related several instances of the sort.

Doctor X said, finally, "Do you think it possible that you yourself are doing this?—that you are in some way defeating yourself?"

He was sure that he was not. But after he went away he evidently began to examine himself, and on his next visit he had a strange theory to offer.

He remembered that as a boy of five or six, in Chicago, he had a rich uncle of whom he was very fond. One day this uncle brought him a ten-dollar gold piece. His parents were poor, and when he showed his mother the money she scolded him for "taking charity," ordered him to return the gold piece, and threatened him with punishment if he ever accepted money from his uncle again. The uncle was apparently amused by his sister's pride. He began to tease the boy at every visit, trying to make him take money, pursuing him with it, smuggling it into his pocket, and tempting him mischievously in every way. The boy

emerged triumphant from the conflict, but it established an "inhibition" apparently.

"I find," he said, "in all those deals that failed, it was *I* myself who was at fault. I was unable, some way, to make the final effort that would have put them across. I fumbled when it came to getting the money. And now that I've been thinking of it, I see that I've always had an aversion to taking money. I've never been able to drive a good bargain. I can do it on paper, in advance, but I can never carry it out. In some ways it has been because I felt that I was superior about money. I was always sort of lordly about it. I let people take advantage of me, even when I knew they were doing it. That business with my uncle, I'm sure, was the beginning of it."

"This, again, may seem very far-fetched," says Doctor X. "My experience makes me confident that it is neither far-fetched nor improbable. I have a patient, a very capable intellectual woman, who always suffers great depression when she faces any new undertaking. She has to use a powerful effort of will to get herself started. I found that her father was an eccentric tyrant who whipped her, as she says, for everything she did except playing with dolls. And she has now one hobby that furnishes her with

endless delight—she trains small children in folk dances.

"I have another patient, who has a subordinate position in an architect's office, and who plays the piano at neighborhood dances. I supposed that he did this in order to add to his salary. I found that his boyhood had been ruined by a tyrannical father, a musician, who conducted a stringed orchestra. He was telling me one day that the only praise his father ever gave him was for playing the piano in his orchestra, and he added, 'He probably praised me for that because he didn't have to pay me.'

" 'You never told me,' I said, 'that you don't take money for playing nowadays at dances, after hours.'

" 'Well,' he replied, 'people seem to enjoy it so much that I never have the heart to ask money for it.'

"It is remarkable how many people will tell you that after they have achieved any success they feel unaccountably depressed. The common explanation is that the satisfaction of an instinct produces a satiety that is depressing. As a matter of fact, the satisfaction of an instinct produces a state of comfortable inertia that is quite pleasant. It is my observation that the depression in all such cases is due to the fact that in child-

hood the satisfaction of the instinct has been marked as shameful. If every crude attempt of the child to be self-assertive had been branded as something offensive, as egotistic 'showing off,' and so forth, it will follow that any adult triumph of the instinct of self-assertion, any conquest of opposing obstacles, will be followed by an emotion of guilt or shame that will be felt as a depression. The early self-expressions of the child rehearse practically all the dramatic situations of later life. When the later action coincides with the early rehearsal the same emotions follow. If these emotions are conflicting emotions, we get a condition of 'ambivalency,' as we call it. And this condition locks up more good energy in mankind than any other one mental trouble. It is scarcely imaginable how many useful impulses are blocked by the necessity of carrying them forward against a feeling of depression which parents have engendered years before by branding natural childish tendencies as 'naughty' or 'ridiculous' or 'bad.'''

CHAPTER V

IN HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

THE next step in Doctor X's theory of the subconscious mind is the most important of all. "Animal life," he points out, "gets into action only under the impulse of an instinct. When no instinct urges it, it is inert. All its energy is produced at the call of instincts and all its success and all its happiness result from the satisfactory reply to that call. I find, in my practice, that the same thing is true of man. The energy which we all need in our work cannot be released except by touching an instinct. The success which we pursue cannot be won except along instinctive trends. The happiness which we crave cannot be arrived at except along the lines of instinctive satisfactions. There is a current idea that good habits can be intellectually decided upon and then the will can be consciously instructed to carry out the decision. This is the method which the Polynesians use in order to obtain favorable

winds during their canoe voyages. They put in the bow of the canoe a box that has holes in all its four sides. They close the holes on three sides and leave open only the hole that faces the desired wind. Then they attempt by means of incantations to compel the necessary wind to blow into the open hole. Since they continue their incantations until the wind shifts, they have not yet learned to doubt the success of their magic.

"Our method of trying to obtain successful and happy good habits, without investigating the direction of our currents of energy, is just as primitive as the use of the Polynesian wind box. And it is less successful—because the currents of the air are variable, and a favorable wind will arrive if you wait long enough. Whereas the currents of instinctive energy are fairly constant, and there are courses which you will never be able to sail except by continual tacking."

This is the conclusion to which he has come after working with hundreds of cases of loss of energy, inefficiency, failure, and unhappiness, both in childhood and in adult life.

"The energy," he says, "the happy energy of childhood is envied by us all. We have lost it. Why? What is the origin and secret of the energy of the child?

"It has the same origin as energy in animals. Its secret is the undisturbed relation between the child's instincts and his actions. The child satisfies his instinctive needs without shame. He enjoys his instinctive pleasures innocently. He obeys his instinctive impulses. He represses none of his instinctive emotions. All his instinctive energy flows freely into action, as in the animal. Animal life wastes no energy. It goes to its goal with the full power of all its resources. So with the child.

"I find, in my practice, that the energy of the adult has the same origin as the energy of the child. Whether it is physical or mental energy, it is released along instinctive trends. It can be blocked, diverted, deflected, or 'sublimated,' as we say, by the conscious mind, but it cannot be originally released except by the operation of an instinct."

Well, this would seem to be a very simple "open sesame" to the door of happiness and success. Surrender to your instincts and go ahead? That might be possible if we were all living in a state of nature. But we are not. Our whole civilization is a conspiracy against certain of our ego instincts, to check and penalize their indulgence. Moreover, civilization itself is largely

the product of our herd instinct, and the conflict between the desires of the individual and the demands of society is a conflict that is paralleled in man himself by a conflict between his ego instincts and his herd instinct. Hence Doctor X's dictum, "Success and happiness lie in the complete expression of self, transmuted into social values."

To drop theory and come to cases, let us take the instinct of self-assertion. It is one of the strongest of the animal instincts. It is one of the strongest of the child's instincts—and of the man's. And it is a much discouraged instinct in our social life, in spite of the fact that it is the very backbone of character and the motive power of success. What are we to do with it? How are we to handle it so as to obtain a prosperous and happy issue of its unconscious and compulsive power?

Consider it in the child. It begins to assert itself offensively as soon as he has learned to walk. He is a selfish little egoist. He will not, for example, share his candy with his sister. What does his mother do? She probably tells him that selfishness is a sin, that God will punish him for it. And by so doing she may begin in the mind of the child—particularly if the child is a girl—

one of those religious conflicts between conscious ideals and instinctive impulses that will end by wrecking the child's whole life if subsequent events encourage the growth of a religious "complex."

Or the mother punishes the child for selfishness, and by so doing she calls up the contrary instinct of self-abasement to suppress the self-assertion. When two dogs meet and fight and one proves the weaker its instinct of self-abasement is aroused to save it from destruction. It surrenders, cowers, cringes, and slinks away, in a humbled attitude, with a lowered blood pressure and a slow pulse; and whenever afterward the conqueror appears the same instinct automatically repeats the same physical changes in the defeated animal and saves it from useless combat. That mechanism operates in the child. Its accompanying emotion is the feeling of shame. Its perfect product is the cowed child.

His instinct of self-assertion is wholly blocked. His abject submission is easily obtained. His temper is broken. He is admirably obedient and a great source of pride to his parents. He is doomed to failure and unhappiness in later life. He will always be a coward before the frown of authority, and he will hate himself for it

and hate his employer. And he will almost invariably repeat upon his children the mistakes which his parents made with him.

"It is scarcely ever necessary to encourage this instinct of self-abasement in a child," Doctor X advises, "and I should say that the average child never needs physical punishment. The loss of the mother's love is enough to threaten. Any child will tell you that it dreads the mother's anger more than blows. By appealing to its instinct of affection any parent can deflect a child's self-assertiveness into acceptable channels and stabilize it there by rewarding all efforts to win approval. In later years the mother's approval will be replaced by self-approval, society's approval, the approval of the herd. The instinct of self-assertion will have been successfully 'sublimated'; and the child will become a useful and happy citizen, public-spirited and publicly approved."

The instinct of self-assertion in a child, then, is not to be branded as a sin or punished as a crime. It is to be deflected into social values by approval. And that is exactly what has to be done by the adult in his own case. He must recognize that his instinct of selfishness is not sinful, and it is not criminal. It is an unconscious and compulsive instinct which he must accept and

use as part of his mental motive power, but which he must know he can only use happily and successfully in ways that are valued by the herd. No amount of wealth and power and domination can bring felicity to any human being unless he uses that wealth and power in ways that satisfy his herd instinct, for the good of his fellows, and with their approval. This is the lesson which the study of the subconscious mind is preparing for the American millionaire, for instance. And it was a poor psychologist among them who gave it out as his ideal of conduct: "So live that you may look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell." He was trying to look his own herd instinct—his own need of herd approval—in the eye, and tell it to go to hell. And the trouble is that if you succeed in sending one of your instincts to hell, it takes you with it.

So much for the instinct of self-assertion in yourself. How are you to handle it in others? Whenever two free-born American equals meet for the first time they subconsciously confront each other—exactly as two animals might—with the instinct of self-assertion of each bristling and growling in his ego. Two animals would fly at each other's throats and settle the question of superiority at once. Primitive man used to

do the same thing. In civilized society, the usages of courtesy and politeness compel the men to suppress the expression of their bridling self-assertiveness, to shake hands and affect friendship. But their subconscious minds shake hands as two prize fighters do in the ring. The battle between them proceeds nevertheless. One of them perhaps follows the good American custom of bluffing, meets with obstinacy or negation, and takes away a rancor that is due to his own baffled instinct. Or he is himself bluffed and feels a sore antagonism under his assumed deference, and carries away a craving for revenge. In either case the anger which he feels against the other man is in reality his anger at his own failure to dominate. And all this anger is lost motion, instinctive energy wasted, effort out of place. The wise man will recognize the futility of such instinctive nonsense between modern equals.

If you are wise, then, you will meet your fellow man, knowing that he is a self-machine whose sparks are no concern of yours, and willing to grant him the fullest self-assertion that is compatible with the rights of others. The man whom you so meet will feel no obstacle to his self-assertion and he may be arrogant or he may not. The chances are

that he will not. In any case, you will not waste any energy in useless conflict with him, and he will part from you with an amiable feeling and in a pleasant frame of mind toward you.

If you meet him in business, or under circumstances which make it necessary for you to work with him, you will then avoid arousing unnecessary enmity. You will preserve your own integrity and independence, without affronting his. If you wish to go farther with him, you need only express an interest in anything about him that is really a part of his self-expression. His self-assertiveness will immediately embrace you as an asset. His unopposed ego instinct will meet you on terms of friendliness. Instead of fighting you, it will co-operate with you. If you are both wise men, the co-operation may soon deepen into friendship. And whether he is wise or not, you will be much happier and more successful with him than if you had allowed your blind instinct to stampede you into a combat with him and fought out the question of superiority between you, primitively. Thus is an instinct molded and socialized.

Quarrels between unsocialized rival instincts of self-assertion are the curse of modern competitive life. They are frequent among

business magnates and the Napoleons of Wall Street, who are often mere cave men in their desire to dominate. They destroy themselves and the property that is in their control unreasonably, unintelligently, under an instinctive impulse to down a conflicting ego. Half the quarrels within a political party have the same origin. A recent Speaker of the House in Washington publicly confessed, with instinctive pride, that during his first term as Congressman he had voted and worked always in opposition to every measure introduced by a certain member—whether the bill was good or bad—because that member had crossed him in an ambition. The struggles between capital and labor, between the employer and the employee, have often this instinctive origin as an economic basis.

The wise employer, recognizing the ego instinct in his employees, tries to enlist that instinct in his own service. He gets up efficiency contests and selling competitions which he rewards with prizes or promotions. He devises ways in which to make the success of the business add to the success of the workmen, by profit-sharing and bonus payments. He persuades the employees to buy stock in the corporation. Or, as in England recently, he lets the workmen elect

a representative to the board of business management, and divides the excess profits with them after the interest on investment has been paid. By so doing, he engages in his service the ego instinct, the instinct of self-assertion, the creative instinct of his men. We call it the "democratization of industry."

The employer who insists that his business is "*his* business and he is going to run it" is the victim of his ego instinct. No matter how kindly and thoughtful of his men he may be—no matter what rest rooms and social centers and playgrounds he may provide for them—they will continue to mutter that they "want justice, not charity." They will be restless and disgruntled in their work, because the ego instinct, which is the great motive power of work, is not satisfied. If you are a wise employer you will find some way to satisfy that instinct in your employees, and be happier and more successful by so doing.

If you are an employee, at work in a business where your creative instinct cannot be satisfied, you will be wise to take your daily task on other terms. "I have a patient," says Doctor X, "who was caught in the web of resentment against his work. He complained bitterly of his unjust and critical employer. Every day something

happened to put him in a fury of indignation, and every day his impulse of revolt was blocked by the dead wall of fear. If he angered his boss, what about his job, his wife, his children, his old age?

"He had to swallow his wrath. It proved indigestible. He came to me to be treated for indigestion. He was cured by a magic device which you might call 'the king in disguise.'

"We started with the assumption that, since he had to work for an employer, he was a slave. We agreed, next, that it was in the nature of taskmasters to be cruel. He was a humble slave, serving a cruel task-master. Good. As an honest slave, he would do an honest day's work for his day's wages, put the money in his pocket and go home. But there, he could throw off the livery of slavery. With his wife and children, in his own home, among his friends, dispensing the fruits of his toil, he could be a king. That was his real life. There was his true happiness.

"And then when he returned to his work, why not go as a king in disguise? Why not accept the terms of his slavery as a disguised king would, submitting to them amusedly until he could drop the livery at the day's end and return to his kingdom?

"Why not, indeed! He tried it, and it

cured his indigestion. The boss cannot irritate him now. He has escaped from the evil of work resentment. He is no longer torn by conflicting and futile emotions. His blocked instinct has been deflected, and he is happier and more successful both in his home and his work."

There is a lesson here that goes beyond the case in point. We Americans put ourselves into our work more than foreign peoples. And we are more successful than they, yes. But we are not so happy. Why?

"I find among my patients," says Doctor X, "that the secret of happiness lies in the phrase, 'Somebody cares.' Success in your work may depend on the energy that is released under the instinct of self-assertion. But happiness depends much more on the satisfaction of the instinct of affection. I do not believe that there can be any happiness where this instinct is frustrated, nor any complete unhappiness where it is satisfied. No failure in life is hopeless without a failure in love. And no man or woman, in my experience, commits suicide unless this instinct despairs. The failure to obtain love is the greatest tragedy of childhood, and the common 'death wish' of the child arises from it. The dominant subconscious fear in adult life is a fear of the loss of love

that is greater than the fear of death; and the fear of death is often a substitute for it. The weakest personality can obtain happiness in an atmosphere of love. The strongest and most successful fails of happiness if he fails of love.

"The happy boy goes out to his playmates with a sense of self-approval that is founded on his mother's approbation of him. So the happy man goes to his work secure in the approval of the woman who has replaced the image of his mother in his instinctive mind. Outside the home, both the boy and the man find themselves under the compulsion of another instinct—the herd instinct—and in need of herd approval. The satisfaction of that instinct is a powerful factor in adult happiness, but the boy who suffers under the disapprobation of his 'gang' can find some escape in his mother's approbation; whereas, without her approbation, the gang leader himself, the hero of the playground, will not be happy. And the same is true of the man.

"Above all things we need to be taught that in order to be happy we must love and be loved. But we need to be taught, also, the terms which love insists on making in the instinctive mind. The first love of our life, the child's love for its mother, like all

true love, has a double craving: it seeks protection, and it desires to give protection. The youngest child, snuggling in its mother's arms, will ward off a pretended attack upon her, and this protective attitude is basic and compulsive in the instinct. No love in adult life can be happy if it does not permit the protective desire to have its proper expression. That is one of the tragedies of illicit love—the man or the woman in a liaison finds the protective impulse of the instinctive mind frustrated by guilty circumstances, and the frustration means misery. Moreover, illicit love is commonly just sexual gratification, and the subconscious mind carries an instinctive horror of 'sex for the sake of sex' that is one of its strongest taboos. It is instinctive for a man to hate the woman who is his partner in a purely sexual indulgence. And a woman's sex love even for her husband will die in her subconscious mind if she finds that he does not 'care' for her in the sense of feeling a protective impulse for her.

"In other ways, too, the instinctive mind in love is like the child mind. The child registers all criticism as dislike, and it is the wise husband or wife who refrains from criticism in affection. The critic on the hearth is a persistent enemy of married

happiness. The praise of our loved ones is as necessary to instinctive happiness as the approval of our mother was, and their disapproval is as disastrous.

"A child always remembers who gave it a gift. The tangible evidence of love is of enormous value to it. That peculiarity of the instinctive mind persists. Gifts in affection are more winning than words. Most potent of all are protective actions. The man who criticizes or humiliates or makes fun of his wife, particularly before others, is destroying her love and his happiness at their foundation. Her conscious mind may forgive him: her unconscious mind will not.

"To the instinctive mind, I find, neither sex love nor marriage is a goal. The real goal is happiness in a home founded on protective love for another and resonant with the voices of children—for nature's goal is the creation of the child. Woven through the whole fabric of love runs a secret thread that is little understood—the craving for a child that shall be a reincarnation of self, a breath of eternity made real. The social taboo prevents a young girl from dreaming aloud about children, but all her adolescent day dreams of her hero are subconsciously connected with the thought of a created life whose presence in her arms

shall be the proof of the perfection of her womanhood. There is happiness in the satisfaction of that instinct and unhappiness in its frustration. The same thing is true, in a lesser degree, of the man. And he comes, through love of his children, to the great love of Christ, the love for all men."

All this does not mean that instinct is a better guide through life than intelligence. It means only that instinct is the power plant which intelligence must utilize. "The situation," says Doctor X, "is something like the relation between the sailing master of a ship and the pilot. The most skillful pilot is helpless if he has empty sails, just as the most exquisite intellectual precision without energy is hopeless apathy. The most energetic sailing master without a helmsman or a helm is as helpless as the helmsman without the sailing master, though more destructive—just as instinctive energy without judgment is destructive. But no progress is possible dead against the wind, and no will power can make it possible. Will can only choose the port. Intellect can only chart the course, taking into account the winds that prevail. Those winds are the currents of instinctive energy which we must understand and utilize if we are to make a successful and happy voyage."

As it is, our education and our psychology talk about improving will power and application as you might talk about improving the will power and application of a hunting dog, instead of merely showing him the fox and rewarding him for catching it. And, at the same time, while we are talking about improving the dog as a hunter, we are beating him every time his instinct starts him on a chase. And then we complain of his apathy and lack of energy when he has been so beaten that the sight of game acts as a symbol of disgrace to him and he lies down cowed.

"Almost every instinctive emotion of man," says Doctor X, "has been blocked by the moralistic teaching that his instincts are base animal instincts, that he is a divine mind in a base animal body, that he must repress his 'lower impulses' or they will drag him down. It is as if the moralist argued: 'Horses are wild animals; wild animals are dangerous animals; dangerous animals should be destroyed; therefore horses should not be domesticated.' That is to say: 'Our instincts are animal instincts; animal instincts are dangerous; therefore they should be repressed, not socialized—destroyed, not domesticated."

The Puritans followed this logic, and it

made Puritanism an evil thing and marked its followers with the forbidding aspect of gloom which is the very face of human failure. They waged a war of extermination against their strongest instincts, and the instincts won. In the course of that struggle the Puritan saw his revolting instincts as the devil in him, and he burned them in the hallucinated form of witches. He saw his God as a jealous and angry God, a stern Puritan father, repressing his children; and that father image still persists in our established American Church. It makes a faith that holds the women more easily than the men, because the father image for a woman is more frequently the symbol of affection; but the wiser religion will include a mother image, too, and appeal to the strongest instinctive affection of mankind.

The Puritan inheritance is an influence that makes for unhappiness, inefficiency, and failure. We try to live by conscious ideals that are continually defeated by repressed unconscious impulses. Our morality becomes not a thing of high serenity, but a perpetual conflict. We fall and rise again and stumble and blunder on. We fight life's battle with only one hand free, holding with the other our "baser selves" in leash. "Is it any wonder," asks Doctor X, "that we

have so little strength to climb the heights? Or that we have constant reason to complain of lack of energy? Or that so few of us ever attain, even momentarily, that peace and comfort of mind and body which is happiness?"

These repressions, that make for loss of energy, unhappiness, inefficiency, and ill health, have one definite mental effect that is worth remarking separately—their effect on memory. The study of the subconscious mind has shown that what we ordinarily call our memory is really a "forgettery." The subconscious mind has a complete record of all our past, and that record can be reached in dreams, or under hypnosis, or in delirium. If there were such a record always crowding into our conscious minds, we should be so bewildered by the consciousness of the past that we would be unable to focus our attention on the more important present. Therefore, the two are separated by a barrier in which there is a door, and on that door is a guard whom we call memory. When we want anything out of our past we call for it, and memory summons it from the inner room. His business is to keep it out till we call for it, and to hurry it in to us as soon as we wish it recalled.

THE SECRET SPRINGS

But when we consciously repress a thing from our thoughts we give another guard an order never to admit the matter to our consciousness again. And he obeys us, as long as we are conscious. And he not only keeps out the repressed matter, but he keeps out anything connected with it that might drag it back. He keeps out all associated matters, all things incidental to it in time or place, all like things. And when a number of these repressions are involved the consequent impairment of memory is very great. Since a good memory is invaluable to the efficiency of the conscious mind, repressions injure that efficiency enormously in the field of memory alone. In that way repressions definitely impair success, as in other ways they definitely impair happiness.

CHAPTER VI

IN THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOW, if Doctor X is correct in these theories of the influence of the instinctive mind upon happiness and success, it should be possible to apply his dicta illuminatingly in the analysis of such a happy and successful man as Theodore Roosevelt, for example. They should satisfactorily explain Roosevelt's character, his conduct, his opinions, his beliefs, his happiness or his unhappiness, his success or his failure. They should offer a solution to the problem of his inconsistencies. They should generally "pluck out the heart of his mystery."

This is a large order. The documents that might be consulted are innumerable and they are contradictory. In order to avoid controversy—and to limit the field of survey—let us take only what he tells about himself, consciously or unconsciously, in his autobiography.

"I was a sickly, delicate boy," he says,

"suffered much from asthma, and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where I could breathe. One of my memories is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me."

Says Doctor X: "Asthma is easily chief of all the bodily afflictions that cause a loss of hope in the child and his surrender to despair. The fear of suffocating is the first and most violent fear of life. The newborn child, before its lungs are working, enters upon a struggle against death by suffocation and escapes by a margin of only a few minutes. The horrors of smothering are thereby deeply imprinted on the subconscious mind as the very type and pattern of a death struggle. And from that time on any difficulty in breathing is the panic signal for all the instinctive forces of life to rally in defense of the organism.

"In an asthmatic child, therefore, the organism is on the defensive, inevitably. The subconscious mind is also fearful and on the defensive. If the instinctive energies are weak, the child may easily succumb to a subconscious conviction of inferiority from which he will never recover. The same

result will ensue if the circumstances of his life, and particularly the attitude of his parents, add to the opposition which his ego instincts have to fight. But whether he succumbs or not, all the trends of his instinctive mind will be conditioned by fear and a subconscious posture of self-defense—even though the posture may become one of defiance of fear and insistence upon aggressive fearlessness, as it became apparently with Roosevelt."

We do not know how strong was the life current of Roosevelt's energy in his infancy, but we do know that his parents did not depress it. That picture of their "trying to help" him to breathe is typical of their aid and encouragement throughout his childhood. They were a wise and kindly and just and loving mother and father. Every line of his early recollections proves it. And from the moment that we see the father carrying the gasping child up and down the room at night—his strong arms giving the frightened infant his only comforting support against the menace of suffocation—Roosevelt's autobiography testifies to the care and kindliness of the father and to his influence on the formation of the boy's character, his aspirations, his ideals of conduct, and the pleasure patterns of his instinctive mind.

"My father," Roosevelt wrote, "was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. . . . He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid. I do not mean that it was a wrong fear, for he was entirely just and we children adored him. . . . He was a big, powerful man with a leonine face and his heart filled with gentleness for those who needed help or protection, and with the possibility of much wrath against a bully or an oppressor. . . . From knowing my father, I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them."

Doctor X comments: "Among animals, the young always imitate the parent, and the parent will spend hours perfecting its young in the imitation. It is as if instinct furnished the impulse to an animal habit, but imitation brought the habitual act up to standard. What we call heredity in us seems to be largely due to this unconscious impulse to imitate those elders whom we love. A child at play will 'make believe'

that he is the parent, imitate the parent's actions, and 'identify' himself with his model. But the identification is largely subconscious. A parent who admonishes wisely but acts foolishly will be imitated in action but not followed in precept—which explains why many mothers have difficulty training a boy to conventional actions by precept while the hero-father acts as unconventionally as he pleases. Precept has almost no force in character formation. Imitation is all-powerful."

Roosevelt, then, had as his hero and model for imitation a big, powerful, fearless father whom he adored and desired to be like. But the child being subconsciously on the defensive, his ambition of fearlessness expressed itself as an ideal of holding his own in the world, which is a defensive ideal. And even this wish met with almost insuperable difficulties in the shape of a weak body.

Not only was he sickly and asthmatic, but he had very poor eyesight—"so that the only things I could study were those I ran against or stumbled over." He did not get spectacles until he was thirteen years old. "I had no idea how beautiful the world was," he says, "until I got those spectacles. I had been a clumsy and awkward little

boy, and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was doubtless due to general characteristics, a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see and yet was wholly ignorant of the fact that I was not seeing." So handicapped, Roosevelt did what all children do when the facts of life are too strong to allow them to realize their ideal in actuality. He realized it in fancy. "Until I was fourteen," he says, "I let this desire" (to be fearless and hold his own in the world) "take no more definite shape than daydreams."

His entrance into the world of fancy was made through two doors—through stories that his mother told him, and through adventure books such as Mayne Reid's. His mother, he writes, "used to entertain us by the hour, with tales of life on the Georgia plantations; of hunting fox, deer, and wildcat; of the long-tailed driving horses, Boone and Crockett, and of the riding horses, one of which was named Buena Vista." Observe the interest that he must have had in these stories to remember the names of the horses. He speaks again of "hearing of the feats performed by my Southern forefathers and kinsfolk." And of Roswell, his mother's home, he says, "My mother told me so much about the

place that when I did see it I felt as if I already knew every nook and corner of it"—as indeed he had known it, in his childish fancy, sharing in the deeds of those fearless men who had held their own in the world.

In the adventure stories of Mayne Reid's, he found the fearless man holding his own in the world through his knowledge of natural history. That knowledge was power. He began to accumulate it. He began to read natural history. One day, passing a market on Broadway, "I suddenly saw a dead seal laid out on a slab of wood," he says. "That seal filled me with every possible feeling of romance and adventure. I asked where it was killed. I had already begun to read some of Mayne Reid's books, . . . and I felt that this seal brought all these adventures in realistic fashion before me. As long as that seal remained there I haunted the neighborhood of the market day after day. I measured it, and I recall that, not having a tape measure, I had to do my best to get its girth with a folding pocket foot rule, a difficult undertaking. I carefully made a record of the utterly useless measurements, and at once began to write a natural history of my own, on the strength of that seal. I had vague aspirations of in some way or other owning and preserving that

seal, but they never got beyond the purely formless stage. I think, however, I did get the seal's skull and with two of my cousins promptly started what we ambitiously called the 'Roosevelt Museum of Natural History.' It was the ordinary small boy's collection of curios, quite incongruous and entirely valueless except from the standpoint of the boy himself. My father and mother encouraged me warmly in this, as they always did in anything that could give me wholesome pleasure or help develop me."

"With the advent of this seal," says Doctor X, "we enter upon a new phase of Roosevelt's life. Pure fancy began to fortify itself with fact. The recorded measurements of the seal, I venture to say, gave the child the same increased sense of power that he later got from the measurements of slain big game. It was 'a record of utterly useless measurements,' as he says, but it was of enormous value in increasing the elation of self-assertion. Also it put him in possession of a fact. He began to accumulate facts and to extend his ego by his power over them. His museum was his hoard. He acquired property and stored self-assertion in tangible assets. He began to write a natural history. That is to say, he wrote down his facts and doubled his personality

by taking something out of himself and putting it on paper where he could see it. Beyond all else in value, these two acts of self-assertion were made successes by reason of their receiving the warm encouragement of his hero, the father.

"Here we see the beginning of a pattern of conduct which tended to unconscious repetition thereafter, as a character trend. Roosevelt, after any period of stress in his adult life, could win a sense of renewed self-confidence by collecting big game trophies and writing about them. These two devices were used again and again to the end of his days. They became a symbol of self-assurance that was as potent in his old age as it had been in his early boyhood."

As an indication of the strength of the ego instinct in the boy, you will notice that he called his museum not the "Mayne Reid Museum of Natural History," nor the "Manhattan Museum," nor anything else but the "Roosevelt Museum." How wisely this self-assertiveness had been left undepressed by the father may be gathered from Roosevelt's account of the only whipping his father ever gave him. He had bitten his sister on the arm. He ran and hid under a table in the kitchen, but before he hid he armed himself with some dough, which he

got from the cook. When his father came after him on all fours he threw the dough at him, "having the advantage of him because I could stand up under the table." The throwing of the dough might have been an act of panic, but the providing of that ammunition was not the thought of a cowed child.

His parents, as he says, encouraged him warmly in anything that could give him wholesome pleasure or help develop him. And he was protected from less kindly influences by the fact that his ill health saved him from being sent to a public school where he would have been exposed to the cheerful young brutalities of the playground. This is important, because it prevented his self-assertiveness from being modified by the influences of his herd instinct until the fundamental bones of his character were "well out of the gristle."

At the age of fourteen a strongly determinative incident occurred. "Having an attack of asthma," he writes, "I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stage-coach ride thither I met a couple of boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent. . . . They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life

miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but prevent me from doing any damage whatever in return."

Here was a bitter discovery that all the devices of fancy and half fact, which had hitherto given him a feeling of security, were useless in a clash with real life. He could not physically hold his own with his fellows. He was thrown back on the raw instinct of self-assertion, and the energy of that instinct in him is shown in the way he sought out his next device and the patience with which he perfected it.

"I made up my mind," he writes, "that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position; and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training." This new device was also backed by the encouragement of the hero-father. "Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box. I was a painfully slow and awkward pupil, and certainly worked two or three years before I made any perceptible improvement whatever. My first boxing

master was John Long, an ex-prize fighter. . . . He held a series of championship matches, the prizes being pewter mugs. . . . I was entered in the lightweight contest. . . . I won, and the pewter mug became one of my most prized possessions. I kept it, and alluded to it, and I fear bragged about it, for a number of years."

Now, thanks to "the noble art of self-defense," his self-assertion, seeking only the defensive ideal of holding its own, had achieved a real success. There followed all the pride and elation that arise from any successful attempt at self-expression. "The hero-boxer," says Doctor X, "became associated with the hero-father as a fearless man who could hold his own in the world. Roosevelt was at last consciously free from the oppression of the fact of physical weakness; and this magic device of boxing, which had lifted the fear, became for all time a sorcery of the utmost value to him. The devices that satisfy instincts are given a subconscious approval which places them above conscious criticism. 'I have never been able to sympathize with the outcry against prize fighters,' he writes. He encouraged boxing as Police Commissioner of New York City and as Governor of New York State. During his terms in the White House all the

great pugilists received a royal welcome there. He enumerates their visits and is proud of their friendship. The identification even goes beyond the sphere of their activities with the gloves. 'Battling Nelson,' he writes, 'was another stanch friend, and he and I think alike on most questions of political and industrial life.'

"I realize, of course," says Doctor X, "that this about Battling Nelson may have been written partly in humor and partly in self-assertion—the latter in defiance of the general attitude of criticism toward prize fighters of which he speaks. But the subconscious fact remains that, through boxing, Roosevelt first began to realize his dynamic wish fearlessly to hold his own in the world; and boxing, to his subconscious mind, became almost a magic rite and the champions of the prize ring his genii of success. 'When I went to Africa John L. Sullivan presented me with a gold-mounted rabbit's foot for luck. I carried it through my African trip, and I certainly had good luck.' "

Roosevelt came out of the first sheltered period of his life with an unchecked boyish instinct of self-assertion, strongly supported by his wish to resemble his big, leonine father, and fortified in his ideal of fearless-

ness by his success as a boxer. He went through Harvard unchanged apparently. His father, on Sundays, had a mission class. "Under spur of his example I taught a mission class myself for three years before going to college and for all four years that I was in college." This identification with his father saved him from the college boy's usual revolt against formal religion and left him orthodox all his life.

It was the subconscious effect of his poor eyesight, probably, that determined him against becoming a scientist. "I had no more desire or ability to be a microscopist and section cutter than to be a mathematician." And neither science nor mathematics appealed to his ideal of being fearless and holding his own.

At Harvard he wrote, he says, "one or two chapters of a book that I afterward published on the Naval War of 1812. Those chapters were so dry that they would have made a dictionary light reading by comparison." They were dry, probably, for the same reason that his boyish natural histories were dry. He was collecting facts as assets of personal power. He had always a prodigious memory and he stored it as he stored his "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History." But he never had the meditative mind that

broods over facts and relates them to one another in theories. He did not gather them instinctively because of his interest in them, but instinctively because of their value to him. They remained, therefore, as dry and detached as the facts in a dictionary. But his memory, being animated by his strongest instinct — his ego instinct — was always one of his keenest faculties. That, perhaps, is the explanation of the fact that with such a store of material in his memory, he was nevertheless always liable to think commonplaces and write platitudes.

He was a fairly good student at college, but not brilliant. Since his period of sheltered daydreaming had lasted up to the age of fourteen, and he entered college at eighteen, he must have been much younger in mind than his classmates. He did some boxing and wrestling, "but never attained to the first rank in either, even at my own weight." His social instinct was as yet undeveloped, and his college life did not develop it. The college friendships of which he speaks are friendships with tutors and professors. He took no part in the college debates. His chief interests, he says, were scientific, yet a scientific career made no appeal to his subconscious ideal. Therefore, although he "fully intended" at one time

to make science his "life work," he did not do so. Neither did he persist in the study of law, which he took up after he left Harvard. Instead, he suddenly went into politics.

Why?

He does not say, in so many words, but the explanation is indicated. His father had died and left him an income large enough to make it unnecessary for him to work for a living. Neither business, law, nor science appealed to his ideal of fearlessness holding its own. He had an aristocratic tradition from his Southern mother. In a world divided into the "governing and the governed," he intended to be among the governing. His friends, he says, told him "that politics were 'low'"; that "the organizations were not controlled by 'gentlemen'"; that they were "run by saloonkeepers, horse-car conductors," and men who were "rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with." He writes: "I answered that if this were so, it merely meant that the people I knew did not belong to the governing class, and that the other people did—and that I intended to be one of the governing class."

More important than this, he saw politics as a field in which he might be fearless and hold his own, as in a boxing ring. He told

his friends that if the "rough and brutal and unpleasant men" in charge of politics "proved too hard-bit for me, I supposed I would have to quit, but that I certainly would not quit until I had made the effort and found out whether I was really too weak to hold my own in the rough and tumble." And he adds, later: "I no more expected special consideration in politics than I would have expected it in the boxing ring. I wished to act squarely to others, and I wished to be able to show that I could hold my own as against others."

Fortunately, added to this self-assertive defiance of his subconscious fear of inferiority, he had an ideal of rectitude derived from his father. And he had a sympathy with the under-dog which came of his own early weakness and dependence. What he did not yet have was any development of his social instinct, any sense of the herd as the source of the power by which the herd was governed, any identification of himself with the mass of the people. He writes of his first term in the legislature: "At one period I became so impressed with the virtue of complete independence that I proceeded to act on each case purely as I personally viewed it, without paying any heed to the principles and prejudices of

others. The result was that I speedily and deservedly lost all power of accomplishing anything at all; and I thereby learned the invaluable lesson that in all the practical activities of life no man can render the highest service unless he can act in combination with his fellows."

It is one of the curiosities of his character that he learned in the legislature a lesson which most of us learn as children in the school yard. And such a lesson, learned so late, may make a conscious motive for conduct, but does not reach the instinctive mind with sufficient power to affect character. Roosevelt never succeeded in identifying himself with the herd. He remained always a ruler, achieving fearlessness and holding his own, with a high ideal of public rectitude and a sympathy for the under-dog, but consciously looking down as a leader for the support which he needed to make his leadership effective.

In the "rough and tumble" of ward politics, Roosevelt found his next hero-model, the successful young politician, Joe Murray, "fearless, powerful, energetic." And when, at the end of his second term in the legislature, he went West to live as a ranchman—apparently because of ill health—he found a new pattern of fearless man, holding his

own in the world—namely, the Rough Rider, and added him to his gallery of heroes. Here Roosevelt built himself up, physically. And here he learned another device of fearlessness—to hit first. "Serving as deputy sheriff," he says, "I took in more than one man who was probably a better man than I was with both rifle and revolver; but in each case I knew just what I wanted to do, and, like David Harum, I 'did it first,' whereas the fraction of a second that the other man hesitated put him in a position where it was useless for him to resist."

He came back into politics from the West with his character trends wholly formed and all his instinctive devices perfected. Doctor X sums up briefly what those trends and devices were:

"A sickly, nearsighted, asthmatic boy, loving his father, wishes to be like him in fearlessness and holding his own. This wish is the unconscious issue of the impulse of self-assertion. It becomes the dynamic wish of his life.

"Sickness separates him from the realities of life, especially as they would have been met in the public school. He can only day-dream and read. He gratifies his dynamic wish by pretending that he participates in the adventures of his book heroes. These

heroes hold their own by a knowledge of nature. Knowledge of nature therefore becomes a necessity to holding his own.

"He begins to realize his dynamic wish by collecting a knowledge of nature through half facts. He collects and he writes. He succeeds and he is approved. It becomes a habit of self.

"Imaginary power fails to enable him to hold his own in a fight. He seeks a new means to obtain power. He finds it in the magic device of boxing. He succeeds and is approved. It becomes a habit. Physical training is recognized as a sort of enchanted armor, by his dynamic wish. Hence 'the strenuous life.'

"The concentration of power necessary to make weakness stand up against harsh reality creates an unbounded egotism. This egotism has to be maintained through life as a protection to the innate consciousness of inferiority. But unlimited egotism is found to separate one from one's fellows. He learns that the adjustment of egotism to the demands of others is also a device for obtaining power. The new magic device is to be politic. The ward politician becomes a model of egotism adjusted to the criticism of the crowd. He succeeds and he is approved. It becomes a habit.

"There still remains unsatisfied the adventure wish of childhood where the hero wins by knowledge of nature and power over it. He goes to the West where the wish is fulfilled. The plainsman becomes the model of acquired power, self-reliance, and the art of hitting first. Hence, the Big Stick, the Rough Rider regiment, the hunting expeditions, the trips to Africa and South America.

"Self-assertion, physical vigor, the strenuous life of adventure, political craft, collecting, and writing were all masks and devices to obtain for the feeling of inferiority the safety of the position of 'fearlessness and holding one's own.'"

This certainly explains why Roosevelt, with all his fearlessness, never showed the placid courage of serene self-confidence. It explains the unceasing bustle of self-assertiveness which made his public life so clamorous. It explains the predatory and conquering air of his communion with Nature, as compared with the manner of such a naturalist as John Burroughs, for example. It explains his fearlessness in action as contrasted with his lack of fearlessness in thought. It explains why he wrote so much, and yet wrote so little that was of any philosophic value. And it explains much else.

In public policies, such a man, if it came to an issue between peace and war, would be for war. He would be for "hitting first." And he would be a consistent advocate of being prepared to hit first.

In an issue between nationalism and internationalism, he would be for nationalism, because his patriotism would be an extension of his ego, and he would be for "America first" as he would be for himself first—and let his opponent be the same.

As a reformer, he would be an individualist, not a socialist. He would hand reform down from above. He would be a rebel against any power in politics that attempted to depress him, and if that power were in command of his own party he would split his party.

If he formed a new party, he would need to win with it. He could not continue a losing fight that was plainly hopeless. He was not the stuff of which martyrs are made. He had an instinctive need to win in order to hold his own in the world.

He would have the same memory for men that he had for facts. And he would collect men, as he collected facts, in support of his ego. But he would be a poor judge of men, as he was of facts, because he would be instinctively interested in only one thing

about men—their usefulness to him. And he would be easily deceived by any enemy who avoided making the signal that aroused his defensive pugnacity and who came into his confidence in the disguise of a friendly aide.

Anyone who will take the trouble to read Roosevelt's *Autobiography*, with this theory of him in mind, will find many other proofs of its correctness. And he will find something else.

Says Doctor X: "We have been believing that a child's character is formed by admonition and precept on the part of the parent, the teacher, and the Church, and by will power and perseverance on the part of the child. It is becoming evident that this belief is wholly false. The child's character is formed, as Roosevelt's was formed, by an unconscious wish, that arises out of his imitation of some loved elder, whom he impersonates in thought and act. This wish owes its great power to the fact that it is a part of the great instinctive energies of life, and, like all desires, supplies its own dynamic drive. As a rule, the need to use will power merely indicates some defect of character—some state of opposition in energies that should be working in harmony.

"Roosevelt himself believed that he used

will power. It is apparent, from his own story, that what he felt as will was his desire to be like his father. That father, to my mind, deserves to rank among the great fathers of history. He exhibited traits of character in himself which his son could imitate to advantage. He never alienated his son by indifference or ill treatment. And he encouraged the boy by approving his every attempt at self-expression, no matter how simple or how fanciful. By so doing, he made it possible for a child, physically inferior and handicapped from the beginning of his struggle with life, to achieve one of the most conspicuous personal successes that our generation has seen.

"The mother's influence cannot often do this for a boy. The mother is the symbol of love and conscience. To act so as to receive her love is the greatest of human rewards. To act so as to cause her sorrow is the deepest of guilts. But a mother's love is often too impatient to wait for worthy efforts in the boy or to clearly picture the goal to which those efforts should be directed. The typical American father who leaves his son wholly to the mother's influence is doing the boy a great wrong. That, above all else, it seems to me, is the lesson of Roosevelt's life."

CHAPTER VII

IN CHARACTER AND CONDUCT

AMONG Doctor X's patients there is a brilliant but extremely irritable man who came to be treated for indigestion and headache. "He was," says Doctor X, "the most irritable person I have ever known—and I have known many." His irritability was his strongest characteristic, and it affected his whole life and produced for himself and everyone around him much unhappiness.

He was especially irritable in affection, and his mother—of whom he was most fond—seemed to "get on his nerves" more than anybody else. He was almost impossible at the table. He was morbidly critical and sensitive about his food and the manner in which it was served; in fact, he had come to the point where he had to inspect the kitchen and be satisfied about the cook before he could eat with an appetite. He had weird objections to foods of certain colors and consistencies. After he had eaten,

any suspicion that a dish had been unwholesome would make him acutely ill. And, thanks to this sensitiveness of the nerves that control digestion, any nervous strain, any worry, or any business irritation produced a digestive explosion and a migraine that made brain work impossible.

The whole trouble proved to be unconscious. It traced back to the first year of his life. For some reason—which had been forgotten—his mother had failed to induce him as an infant to nurse at the breast. She had equally failed to get him to accept a rubber nipple. She had been compelled to feed him with a spoon, and his meals had been always followed by colic, digestive irritation, and fits of screaming. As soon as he could take solid food he developed all sorts of prejudices about its appearance, its color, its hardness or softness. In short, his unconscious mind in childhood had never known the "comfort values" of the act of feeding. His instinct of affection for his mother had been involved, from the beginning, with the sense of bodily irritation, and that complication still persisted, quite unconsciously.

Says Doctor X: "The comfortable satisfaction of bodily cravings in an infant is the necessary foundation of a firm character.

The placidity and self-confidence of later years have their source largely in the early unconscious contentment which the infant obtains from healthful and regular habits of feeding, digestion, and sleep. I have yet to find among my patients a bottle-fed baby who has these characteristics of quiet stability of temperament."

One of his nervous patients is a young woman to whom he recommended the leisurely warm bath as a thing of "unconscious comfort value" to start the day. He found at once that the prescription was wrong. Her morning bath left her irritable, depressed, and filled with vague feelings of resentment against the world and its injustice to her. Since she took a bath every morning, she always sat down to breakfast in this difficult mood, and the meal generally ended in a miserable scene of misunderstanding and unhappiness.

On going back over her childhood, Doctor X discovered that as a baby she had always been given her bath by an elder sister to whom the task was apparently distasteful. She had been washed in cold water, with soap stinging in her eyes, perfunctorily dried, and left sticky with the remains of the lather. A dumb sense of careless unkindness and injustice had invariably ensued.

And now, no matter how warm and comfortable the bath was, it brought back the same subconscious emotions and sent her down to breakfast in a mood of martyred depression.

These two cases are examples of the value of what Doctor X calls "nest comforts" in affecting character. "The normal infant," he points out, "grows hungry, cries, fills his stomach, expels the residues of digestion, cuddles up in comfort, and sleeps until the cycle repeats itself. He should be carefully protected in this round of conduct, not only in order to establish his health, but to base his character. Man is a nesting animal; he gains a subconscious feeling of security in life from the nest comforts of infancy; and any lack of those security comforts will leave him liable to unconscious timidities that may show as a lack of self-confidence and a basic infirmity of character. Home is the first thought of the frightened child or the fear-stricken man, and the thought of home should carry to the instinctive mind all the unconscious feelings of security that the escape to the burrow gives the hunted animal."

He has among his patients a well-known artist, of considerable reputation, whose work has been greatly impeded by his self-

distrust. The feeling had become so morbid that it was blocking all his creative efforts. It showed in his dreams as a heightened self-disgust and shame. Through these dreams, the feeling was easily traced back to an incident in his childhood when his mother had reproved him, with great disgust and aversion, because he had shown an infantile curiosity about one of his bodily processes. She had been horrified and ashamed of him. Her contempt had made him deeply ashamed of himself. Being a sensitive child, this feeling had been perpetuated by lesser criticisms in later childhood—criticisms that might ordinarily have passed without ill effect. He was now suffering from a permanent defect of confidence that made any successful effort impossible to him.

Says Doctor X: "The first stability of a child's character is rooted in the feelings of pleasure and power which he gets from performing his bodily functions satisfactorily. His interest in these processes is natural and normal. His curiosity about them is equally so. To make him suddenly ashamed of them, or of his curiosity concerning them, is likely to impair his self-respect permanently and to check his intellectual curiosity at its source. He should

be allowed to grow out of this period without reproof, and educated through his instinct of imitation."

That unconscious instinct of imitation is incredibly powerful in molding character. Here is a child, of five years of age, who wakes up regularly at two o'clock in the morning terrified and trembling. There is no explanation for it until we find that the mother, during the nursing period, was subject to attacks of psychic fear that seized her always at two o'clock in the morning.

Here is a young woman who is terrorized by high winds, panic-stricken in railroad tunnels, unable to travel in the Subway, never really happy unless she is living in a country house with wide grounds, passionately fond of motoring slowly in the cool night air in an open car, a "fresh-air fiend" to all her acquaintances, and by such peculiarities made difficult in her choice of residence, route of travel, manner of amusement, and so forth. All these characteristics take their beginning from a story told to her by her mother in early girlhood. When she was born, after prolonged labor, her anguished mother lay without an anæsthetic, watching the doctors attempting to resuscitate her apparently stillborn child. They used a common method of forcing

respiration, by swinging the infant rapidly through the air, holding it by the arms. The mother's account of her suffering, while she watched the doctors, and the young girl's imaginative sympathy for her own danger of suffocation as an infant, had made such an impression on her that the unconscious mechanism of respiration had been affected. Any difficulty in breathing, whether real or imaginary, put her in a panic which no persuasions of reason could allay. Hence the effect of a high wind that "took away" her breath. Hence, too, the feeling of suffocation in tunnels, Subways, Pullman berths, closed rooms, etc.

An unconscious imitation of the mother or father may easily form ideals of conduct that will determine the course of a whole life. Here is a young woman who at the age of five found her mother crying "as if her heart would break." She was morbidly devoted to her mother, and when her mother told her that the father had left her for another woman she conceived a violent hatred for him. "All men are bad," the mother said. "They always hurt those who love them."

At seven, this child told the family doctor that she "would never marry," because all men were "bad." As a young woman in

a Sunday-school class, she explained that girls remained unmarried because the men had "such low ideals." She was attractive to men, but she remained unresponsive to them.

Finally, as she grew older, she decided, reasonably, that she ought to marry, and she began to seek and encourage love. But now a strange thing happened. At a certain stage in her progress toward marriage, she would be checked by the conviction that the man was not as good as he should be. No amount of reasoning with herself could remove the feeling. It affected her like an "intuition," and she could find no happiness or peace of mind until she freed herself from the engagement. This occurred again and again. It was quite unconscious and inexplicable to her. She did not suspect its origin. She continued to struggle against it and to submit to it. "Meanwhile," as Doctor X says, "the blocking of all her instinctive craving for a mate and a child dammed up a lot of creative energy that produced all sorts of nervous irritability and ill health"—from which she was at last released by having the subconscious sources of her whole problem made clear to her.

"A man tells me," says Doctor X, "that

golf is better for him than medicine, and better for all men. He has every sort of intelligent and scientific argument to support him. I listen patiently. It begins to appear that he always plays golf in a peculiar soft felt hat, gray and limp, in old baggy trousers, and a shirt open at the throat. His friends make fun of this costume, but he sticks to it. Good. As we go on with our talk, I learn that as a boy his father was his great pal. They went fishing together, spent hours in the open, and had the time of their lives. It develops that on these jaunts the father always wore the costume that is now so necessary to the proper enjoyment of golf. The man is right. Golf, played in those clothes, is more valuable to him than any medicine he can take."

The unconscious imitation of the father or mother is responsible for the fact that so many of us are "born," as we say, to a religious faith, a political party, a profession, or even a habit. In religion or politics, the unconscious mind having accepted the faith as right in childhood, the conscious mind in later years accepts all the arguments that support the faith and gives them forth as reasoned conclusions. The choice of the profession is made in boyhood, and the practice of it is subsequently accepted as a

thing of "inherited aptitude." As for habits—here are two brothers, both of whom smoke constantly. The younger smokes a pipe; he was his father's favorite, and his father always smoked a pipe. The elder brother smokes only cigars. He was the favorite of an uncle who smoked only cigars. The younger will assure you that there is no real satisfaction in a cigar. The elder will tell you he has often tried to enjoy a pipe, but cannot.

"One of my patients," says Doctor X, "is a nervous woman who would find herself breaking down at her work, go to the country for a holiday, and come back worse than when she left. She had been born in the country and spent a tragically unhappy childhood there. I sent her for her holiday to a big hotel at a crowded seaside resort. She came back rested and refreshed. It is a medical mistake to leave out these considerations of unconscious character trends in the choice of a vacation and to prescribe it in terms of diet, rest, and exercise."

Here is a man who annoys his wife by forcing her always to wear a small hat. He has a well-argued æsthetic theory that a woman's hat should not break the line of the head. He can be very eloquent and convincing about it; he is irritated if his

wife wears a hat with a brim that keeps the sun out of her eyes; and she has to suffer in order to look beautiful to him. Under the doctor's questions he confesses that his mother—to whom he was most devoted—always wore bonnets. He cannot remember having ever seen her in a large hat.

And here is another patient who is always teasing his wife to wear earrings. Earrings, to him, have a peculiar fitness. They seem to make the face more balanced and beautiful. He admires especially the very ornate and bangled earrings of the crinoline period. His taste is explained by the discovery of a picture of his mother wearing such earrings and by her recollection that, as a baby, she used to let him play with the earrings to stop his crying.

Says Doctor X: "The subconscious origin of many of our æsthetic tastes and ideals of beauty is yet to be explored. It explains why standards of beauty vary in different countries, for example. And it accounts for many idiosyncrasies of taste that are otherwise quite puzzling."

A business man, engaged in promoting new investments, suffers from lack of self-confidence. He has a peculiar trait of character; he is very lavish in his tips, and when he dines in a restaurant he bribes the

waiters, the head waiter, the bus boy and what not to give him extra service and attention. It is a joke among his friends that whenever he takes a meal he has to have all the servants in the place standing behind his chair. He has begun to feel that this characteristic is a weakness in him and a sort of snobbishness. He is worried by it.

Doctor X finds that the patient was born in India. His father was a high official. He had a large retinue of native servants who obeyed "the young master" as if he were the Crown Prince. Their willing service was a "security value" to the boy. Any similar service has now a similar value.

Doctor X advised him: "Whenever you have to face a business deal in which you will need all your self-confidence go to some restaurant in which you are well known, bribe every servant in sight, and let them kowtow to you as much as you please while you lunch. It will help you to carry the deal through. Always buy up every servant you come in contact with. Bribe your elevator man, your barber, your office boy. It will be money well spent."

He adds: "It is the part of wisdom for any man to watch for these unconscious aids to happiness and success, and to indulge them. They are not weaknesses.

They are supports. And this man's need of the 'loyal subject' is so common in humanity that it makes the tipping system inevitable."

Now let us examine some less superficial character trends.

An aggressive young architect, who came to Doctor X in the ordinary course of practice, showed this strange characteristic: if he were elbowed out of his place in the queue at a ticket office, he not only felt no resentment at the injustice, but he accepted it with pleasure and relief. On going into the matter, it appeared that he always yielded his place in any such situation not with meekness or subserviency, but with secret satisfaction and a queer sense of good luck. "The analysis of this uncommon reaction," says Doctor X, "explained two other peculiarities of the patient. The first was that as an architect he had a strong aversion to planning terraced effects in courts and gardens. The second was that he had an exaggerated faith in luck, and seldom worried over any lack of success in a project, but attributed every failure to some sort of vague fate that overruled his efforts."

These characteristics were explained by a reminiscence of his childhood. His early

school days had been spent at a boys' seminary that was built on a hillside. The playground was a series of terraces. One day while he was playing leapfrog on an upper terrace a group of boys below him were preparing their target rifles to go to the shooting butts—for the school was a sort of military academy also. Among those with whom he was playing there was a classmate who was always teasing him, and just as he took his turn in the game this boy tripped him, threw him sprawling, and took the jump in his stead. At that moment a gun exploded on the lower terrace. The bullet struck the boy who had taken the jump, and he began to run wildly down the terraces, pursued by Doctor X's patient, who did not know what had happened and ran after him, in a rage. At the bottom of the terraces the first boy suddenly turned a somersault like a shot rabbit and fell dead. The second boy attacked him angrily before he woke to what had occurred.

He was, of course, struck cold with horror. He realized that his playmate had brought the accident on himself by jumping out of his turn, and this was a shocking example of the efficacy of luck. At the same time, he felt that if he had not been thrust out of his turn, the bullet would have found him.

And at the funeral services in the school chapel he imagined that all the relatives of his dead playmate looked at him accusingly, as much as to say, "You should have been lying there—not he." There was a sense of secret and guilty exultation in the thought. "The whole incident," says Doctor X, "striking a sensitive and impressionable boy, left him with a horror of terraces, a fatalistic dependence on luck, and an impaired instinct of self-assertion that permitted him to accept second place in anything with a feeling of relief and security. He was quite unaware of the origin of these characteristics. He had never connected them with the incidents of his school days."

A settlement worker came to Doctor X broken down with overwork and gastric disorder. Her chief symptoms were nausea and vomiting. "These," says he, "are expressions of unconscious disgust. I asked her what phases of her work among the poor had first given her a feeling of disgust. With an expression of aversion and a gesture as of pushing something away she replied: 'Oh, the vermin! They made me sick! The people didn't seem to mind, and I couldn't understand that, but they have souls like other people and I felt it was my duty to endure the unpleasant

things in order to serve them. Christ never felt disgust for the lowliest of creatures. It seemed to me that I failed in my Christian duty. So I fought off my feelings and went on with my work until I was too weak to stand. But I want to go back just as soon as I can. I have put my hand to the plow.' "

She proved to be a New England girl raised in the strictest Puritan tradition by a mother who had a morbid ideal of domestic cleanliness and order. To have vermin in the house was an unspeakable disgrace that amounted to a secret infamy. The girl had been taught to react with instinctive disgust against any slightest uncleanliness of body or mind. Her work among the poor had been a protracted martyrdom of her instincts. "Instincts control the body," says Doctor X, "and when they are opposed in conduct they will incapacitate the body. Her illness was their revolt against a course of life which her childhood training had made subconsciously impossible for her."

Another of his patients is a well-to-do young woman of a type that novelists delight to portray. She is defiant of conventions and outrages them impulsively, though she generally regrets it afterward in secret. She is reckless of danger, particularly if she is warned against it, and she

worries her family by driving her motor car too fast, especially at night, when she delights to take long, lonely rides through the countryside. She is ungovernably impatient with anyone who procrastinates or comes late to an appointment—although she is often late herself. She cannot bear to be deceived, or put off with vague explanations, or treated with anything but downright truth and seriousness even in the most trivial concerns. And she is always quarreling with her fiancé because he has an easy-going and good-natured way of evading her earnestness and putting her off. All these qualities and characteristics of hers she regards as virtues, although they are accompanied by a great deal of emotional friction that keeps her upset and unhappy and nervously unwell.

The explanation of her character lies wholly in her childhood. Her mother was an overanxious and unreasonably apprehensive woman whose every admonition to her daughter began with a "don't." The girl had a restless vitality and a strong self-assertiveness. She early revolted against her mother's timidities. Warned against going out alone in the dark, it became her childish delight to steal away from the house at night and make more or less fearful ex-

plorations of the neighborhood, and this pleasure persists in her night-motoring. By the time she had arrived at adolescence, anything that was forbidden by the beloved mother became an object of wild desire. Later, anything opposed by her family, her fiancé, or by social convention had the same fascination for her. Hence her apparent recklessness of conduct and her subsequent regret.

As for her hatred of deception—as a child she was dependent upon older girls for companionship. She "tagged around" after them in a way that probably annoyed them. They used to get rid of her by playing tricks on her—sending her on errands and hurrying off together before she returned—or getting her to play blindman's buff and running away while she was blindfolded—or pretending that her mother had sent for her and disappearing when she went into the house. These tricks kept her in a daily rage, planning revenge. Now, any slightest deception, no matter how good-natured—especially if it is done in an attempt to manage her—arouses a vindictive anger out of all proportion to its cause.

Her hatred of procrastination and of easy promises that are not kept comes from her childhood experiences with a relative who

was always promising her wonderful things for next week—Shetland ponies, and anything else that she could think of—and who always cheerfully disappointed her and enjoyed mischievously the fury of childish rage with which she attacked him. It was a sort of game with him. He never failed to persuade her that he would bring the gift, and the more enraged she was the more he enjoyed it.

With all her dislike of procrastination and the breaking of promises in others, she finds it difficult herself to keep appointments, because she hates to be tied down to an hour or a course of action. It lessens her independence, and she revolts unconsciously. She is almost invariably late in keeping her engagements, although she arrives breathless, having hurried all the way.

Every student of human nature knows that character comes out most strikingly in affairs of love. It is interesting to see how the various peculiarities in love and marriage, as exemplified in Doctor X's cases, fall into groups.

There is the group of those who, for any one of a score of reasons, have failed to get the parent's affection in childhood. When the failure is complete, and the parent image has not been the symbol of affection, the

instinct of love is blocked and a happy marriage made impossible. The parent image may even become the symbol of sex antagonism and marriage be used unconsciously as a mechanism for subjugating the partner. In a girl of beauty and charm, the same failure of the love image may produce the "vampire" type.

A much larger group of patients is made up of those who have suffered a partial failure of the love image, whose parents have been affectionate, but overharsh in criticism or actually cruel. Love with them is the "bittersweet love" of the poets—part affection and part hate. It is almost always accompanied by depression, anxiety, and fear of disappointment. It is jealous and suspicious. And if this duality of love and hate is very strong, it may affect the whole mental life with indecision and "ambivalency"—as the psychologists call it—so that the victim of it is unable to make a choice or come to a firm decision in the simplest matters.

Excessive love from the parent sets the basic characteristics of another group. This excess may result in such a fixation on the parent that marriage is impossible. Or it may lead to the transference of the young affection to a mature person, or to a type

identical with the parent, or to a family relative, such as a cousin. Or the consciousness of dividing the mother's love with the loved father may produce in the son a feeling of pleasant security in loving an engaged girl, or a widow, or any woman who has been previously possessed by some one else, and a similar effect may ensue with a daughter. Or excessive love from the parent may lead to "narcissism"—which is exaggerated self-approval—to a craving for indulgence and adulation and a self-worship so extreme that the child fails to develop the true protective instinct in love. Such a boy or girl is above being protected and is too selfish to protect. The boy makes his mother a slave to his self-esteem and thereafter exacts abject and slavish service from all women. His amatory emotion is a sexually formed self-ambition and never real love. The same thing will be true of the girl.

In the countries where parents are commonly harsh in their authority, as for instance in Russia, the ideal of woman conquest in man and of the vampire type in woman will be more frequent than in such a civilization as ours, where children are more indulged. The recurrence of the vampire in the novels of Turgenev, and the

other Russian realists, is in striking contrast with their rarity in our native fiction. Observe also the popularity in continental literature of the sensitive hero who is suffering with an "inferiority complex" due to parental dominance, and consider how his place is taken in our novels by the robustious and self-assertive hero who "does things."

The division of character along these latter lines gives us two universal contrasting types — Napoleon and Hamlet. In America, the Napoleonic ideal is incredibly prevalent in the subconscious mind. It crops out in the common slang about the "Napoleons of Wall Street," "the Napoleon of finance," "the Napoleons of the theater." There is even a slang phrase for it, "He has the Napoleon bug"—used in referring to those captains of industry who collect busts and portraits and relics of Napoleon, and present their wives with Josephine's fan, or her bed, or her boudoir mirror, or, like Uncle Ponderevo in Wells's *Tono-Bungay*, pinch the ears of their favorites with imperial playfulness. In the unsocialized subconscious mind, this desire for personal power and domination is basic and compelling. And there is enough of it left in all of us to account for the never-ending popular interest in Napoleon, the conquering hero.

Hamlet's appeal is to the sensitive and depressed who are the conquered instead of the conquerors of reality. Poets, artists, and dreamers meet that fate. The sickly child, unable to triumph in the physical contests of the playground, attempts to compensate with mental attainments, takes to books and the consolations of fantasy, and becomes the imaginative dreamer. As a boy, he is awkward, self-conscious, shy, and sensitive. If he becomes notable as an artist, the ego that made him precocious now makes him domineering and vain, but the subconscious feeling of inferiority persists, and he is touchy in his vanity, envious, self-distrustful, subject to easy depression and discouragement and unbelievably petty at times. The poet Byron's clubfoot was the physical index of these qualities in him. The diabolical contradictions in the poet Pope are inexplicable without his crooked spine. The novelist Dostoievsky had an "inferiority complex" so marked that it may be studied in some of his stories as in a clinic. Most of the vagaries of the "artistic temperament" come from the subconscious sense of inferiority and the internal conflict that accompanies it.

All of this sums up to the conclusion that character is almost wholly a product of the

instinctive mind. The character of a child begins to form before the conscious intelligence is developed. An unconscious ideal for imitation is soon accepted and this ideal becomes basic. Any departure from the ideal is felt vaguely, throughout life, as wrong conduct, even when the intelligence offers no protest to it. The influences of the parent and the home are most powerful in forming this ideal, and that fact, as Doctor X points out, "throws a hitherto unsuspected and formidable responsibility upon the parent." It also gives an unexpected support to the belief that the home is the corner stone of the whole social system.

Outside of the home, the most potent single factor in the formation of character lies in the reactions which surround the instinct of fear in religion. "Fear reactions," says Doctor X, "are primarily connected with danger to physical life and express themselves in bodily and emotional depressions. In the very dawn of savage life they were transferred to a totally different danger.

"When man first became free to form an idea, apart from instinctive impulse, one of the first conceptions that he arrived at, apparently, was the difference between the living and the dead. That difference seemed

to him to lie in the absence of breath in the dead. The breath which left the living when they died was to him the spirit, the invisible soul. Our word 'spirit' is the Latin word for breathing, *spiritus*.

"This soul he believed immortal, but he believed also that it was threatened by evil influences and that it could be protected by various sorts of incantations. His instinct of fear, with its depressing power over bodily functions, became involved in the protection of the soul, and man reacted more to the fear of losing his soul than to the fear of losing his life. It is an example of the transference of an instinct from a bodily to a mental habit. The importance of this instinct of soul fear at the present time is due to the influence of our religious education on the mind of the child.

"He is taught to believe in original, ancestral sin. He is taught that he will lose his soul unless he is saved or restored to a state of grace. He is first reduced to a 'conviction of sin'—which is a profoundly depressive instinctive fear reaction—and he is then rescued from this depression by means of 'salvation,' and the anguish of despair is replaced by the elation of success. Nearly all religions use this device.

"The instinctive mind is thus tuned to

react to the depression of the guilt of sin and is habituated to the use of a device to restore joy. If, in later years, intellectual doubt destroys the efficacy of the device, the unconscious mind continues to pile up an accumulated conviction of guilt from which it has now no means of escaping. From the point of view of the psychologist in medicine, this is the greatest disaster of modern civilization. Its issue in ill health, depression, anxiety neuroses, melancholia, and insanity is lamentable beyond expression."

Doctor X has had a great number of these cases of soul fear. I wish to give one that is interesting because of its unconscious effect on conduct, and because the treatment by which he cured it is typical.

"Some time ago," he says, "a young business man came to me suffering with great bodily weakness, indigestion, insomnia, and a discoloration of the skin. He was unable to do more than a half-day's work. He was depressed, dejected, without energy. No physician had been able to discover any organic disease as the cause of his condition. A thorough examination convinced me that there was no disease present. His symptoms seemed to me to be the physical evidences of complete moral defeat. He was exactly like a cowed and beaten animal that is

prevented from crawling away to hide. I began to go into his history in search of the sources of his failure."

It seemed that he had been born outside the city on a farm where his invalid wife and infant daughter were now living. As a child he grew up happily in a happy home. His father had been a very religious man, but very kindly, and his relations with his son had been most affectionate. The mother also had been pious and loving. She had particularly taught her son that it was a great sin to hate anyone or wish ill to anyone. The married life of the parents had been ideal, and the father was always impressing upon the son that the success and happiness of the household was due to his having married a good and healthy girl. The boy's unconscious ideal of conduct was formed on this pattern.

When he was fifteen years old he fell in love with the daughter of a neighboring farmer, but her parents were so strict in their care of her that he had no opportunity to see her alone, and he was so bashful that he did not get beyond a distant adoration in his courtship. Circumstances parted them. He went to the city to work.

At twenty, he decided to marry. He was earning enough to support a wife, and he

craved a home of his own. While he was visiting his parents, on a holiday, he was attracted by one of the young women of the neighborhood, who seemed, as he said, "a good healthy girl," and he married her. For three years they were quite happy. They had a child. There was no wild emotion of love between them, but he appreciated her good qualities and he was contented in the home she made for him.

Then one night she revealed a secret to him. She was ill. She had been in a sanatorium for tuberculosis in her girlhood; she had been warned that the disease might recur; and of late she had found symptoms of its recurrence. The news depressed him horribly. He took her to a doctor, who confirmed her suspicions and ordered her to the country. The boy's parents having died, he got rid of the people who had rented the old farm and he went there to live with his wife and child, "commuting" to his work in the city, night and morning.

First he found himself tiring easily at his work. Then he began to stay in town at night instead of going home. After a time he was worried by the fact that he was spending on himself the money that he ought to give his wife. And suddenly he was aware, with horror, that he was thinking

how much happier he would be if his wife should die. Overcome with a shocking conviction of sin, he drove such thoughts from his mind. He redoubled his efforts to do the right thing by his wife, to go home at nights and to keep his money for her. He succeeded in correcting his thoughts and his conduct, but he began to have nausea and indigestion. His wife grew weaker. The doctor told him she was slowly dying, that she could not live more than three months. He remembered that his mother used to say that evil wishes could do actual harm to people. He assured himself that this was nonsense, but he began to have insomnia, and his nights were made horrible with sleeplessness, remorse, an unconquerable aversion to his wife, a hatred of his home, a disgust of himself, and the crushing depression of his own ill health and lack of energy.

To cap the climax, he now met on a street car his boyhood sweetheart. She had not married, and she was alone in the world. Her parents had died and she was supporting herself by office work. He began to see her when he did not go home at nights. There was nothing between them except innocent affection, but he could no longer control his instinctive wish that he might be freed

to marry her, and his revulsion at this guilt and his struggle against it reduced him to the final stages of insomnia, indigestion, and nervous collapse.

"What he was now suffering," says Doctor X, "was a physical disgust of illness in his home and a moral disgust of his evil thoughts. Both were being suppressed. Their total effect was being loaded upon the reaction of instinctive failure, and the result was handled by the conscious mind as a form of disease. The predominating emotion was the subconscious horror of sin.

"We worked out very clearly that his subconscious ideal of a wife was a girl like his mother, and that it was his subconscious ideal of conduct to love her as his father had loved his mother. It was evident that his present wife did not fulfill the one ideal any more than his conduct fulfilled the other. Both ideals were compulsive. Both aroused instinctive thoughts which were also compulsive and could not be controlled. But these thoughts need not be felt as moral guilt, provided they were not acted upon. He was at liberty to think as he pleased as long as he did his duty and harmed no one.

"He agreed that he had been staying away from his home because of his aversion

to a disease which his childhood training had taught him to loathe. He recognized that his failure to take his money home and his loss of interest in his work were both due to the fact that his ideal of a home having failed him, he had lost interest in the means by which he should support his household. He saw that his conduct had unconsciously betrayed the thoughts which his conscious loyalty was repressing. I showed him that his loss of interest in work and his wish for the death of his wife were only the instinctive attempt to escape from what he was forcing himself to do. I convinced him that there was no sin in having such thoughts so long as he kept them to himself and did his duty to his wife.

"Moreover, it was clear that his desire to marry his boyhood sweetheart was not born merely of a wish to escape. It was due also to his subconscious desire to marry a woman like his mother. There was no sin in this so long as he did not express the desire and thereby cause any one unhappiness. He agreed. Being now free from the conviction of sin, he began to find relief also from the sense of moral inferiority and self-disgust. His insomnia passed. After a time we found that his nausea had disappeared. Then his indigestion began improving.

"Recognizing the matter-of-factness of feelings that were instinctive, he began to take an interest in earning money to fulfill his duty to his wife, with the added sense of penance and reparation. He allowed himself the natural hope that if his wife died, he might marry his first sweetheart. He is now doing a good day's work comfortably and with better health. He is comparatively happy and his skin disease is cured."

The whole case is an excellent example of how a man's conduct will unconsciously and uncontrollably fulfill an instinctive wish when that wish is most vigorously repressed, and of how easily the conduct can be controlled when the wish is allowed to drain off in consciousness. "The remedy," as Doctor X puts it, "is not to grant a license to the instinctive impulse, and not to attempt wholly to dam it up, but to give it sufficient sluiceway in thought. Dominating impulses often dwindle to a trickle as soon as you make in consciousness a waste weir for the dam."

And the moral of this whole matter of the influence of the subconscious mind on character and conduct is the old moral, "Make it thy business to know thyself." You are being constantly affected, and very frequently betrayed, by a sort of hidden sprite

within you that actuates you often as if you were a marionette. If you could find out what he is doing, you might either check him if he were misleading you or you might bring your conscious mind to aid him if he were guiding you aright. The difficulty is that you cannot see him by any effort of introspection, for he disguises himself against your conscious self-examination very cunningly. You can, however, go over the record of your past and see how he has led you. You can find him working in your emotional reactions—particularly when these are more violent than the occasion warrants —in your instinctive likes and dislikes, in your ideals and ambitions and unreasoned choices and beliefs. And best of all, you can catch and study him in your dreams.

It is this business of interpreting your dreams that we must next consider.

CHAPTER VIII

IN DREAMS

THE Freudian interpretation of dreams is a bewilderingly complicated matter, about which there have been written a bewildering number of complicated books. To the ordinary reader, the orthodox Freudian seems to be pursuing his dream divination through an intricate maze of sex symbolism, following it round and round with the pale frenzy of a monomaniac who has become rather dizzy, though he still remains determined. He is giddily difficult to follow, and he becomes increasingly unspeakable the farther he goes. Fortunately, Doctor X is not an orthodox Freudian. His interpretation of dreams is at once simpler and more printable.

Let us take an example.

One of his patients is a married woman who came to him with an apparent derangement of the heart which her family physician had diagnosed as perhaps due to goiter. He had referred her to Doctor X as a specialist in such diseases of the internal glands.

Doctor X found no goiter. He found nothing to account for the functional disturbance of the heart and the choking feeling of which she also complained. He learned, however, that she was often attacked by these symptoms at night in her sleep. He asked her whether she could recall any dream that had preceded her awakening to the distress of such symptoms. She recalled the following nightmare:

She had dreamed that she was leaving her girlhood home in Buffalo on a steamboat. She was alone, and she was carrying an umbrella that seemed to her to be a prized gift from her mother. The umbrella slipped from her hand and fell overboard. Overwhelmed with a frantic sense of tragic loss, she plunged overboard herself, resolved to lose her life rather than lose her mother's gift. She sank. She was drowning.

Her struggles awakened her. But she woke to a choking sense of fear and despair, with her heart beating madly; and both the depression and the palpitation continued all the next day, and the next. She felt as if some terrible disaster impended. On the third day, alarmed by the rapidity of her pulse, she consulted her family doctor and told him of the dream in which the symptoms had begun. He decided that the palpitation

of the heart was due to a goiter and that the dream of drowning came from the difficulty in breathing caused by the heart disturbance.

Doctor X concluded that this diagnosis put the cart before the horse.

Disregarding the Freudian symbols in the dream, he said to her: "I should judge from your nightmare that when you left the happiness of your childhood home you suffered a great loss. You have failed to repair that loss in spite of desperate efforts to do so, and you've come to the point where the fear of never repairing it leads you to wish for death."

She burst into tears. She confessed that what he had said was true. She was very unhappy. She had tried to conceal it from herself. She had never admitted it even to her mother. "It would kill my mother if she knew how unhappy I am," she said. "I think of it as little as I can. I busy myself with war work and try to forget."

What was the cause of this unhappiness?

"I have never loved my husband," she said, "and I have no child to love. I'm so unhappy I wish I could go to sleep and never wake again."

Now, how did the nightmare picture this tragedy?

Doctor X took the details of the dream

drama, one by one, and asked her to tell him what incident in her life each recalled.

Leaving her childhood home on board a steamboat reminded her of her honeymoon trip by water. Her childhood had been most happy. She had been stampeded into marriage by the whirlwind courtship of a domineering army officer. She had not loved him wildly, but his many good qualities had convinced her that he would make a model husband. On her honeymoon she learned that he disliked children and was determined not to have any.

What was the most priceless gift she had ever received from her mother? It was the gift of perfect love. As a romantic girl, she had daydreamed of giving such a love to her husband and her child, and of living in just such an atmosphere of affection as had filled her childhood home. It was a dream that could never be realized now.

What great loss by water had she suffered? Some years after her marriage she had taken a fox terrier as a pet. She was ashamed to say it, but she had loved this little dog more than any one in her life except her mother. Her husband had told her that it was wicked to love an animal so inordinately. She felt that she was giving to the dog all the love that she might have

lavished on her child. She used to confide her troubles to it, and it would listen to her with its head cocked on one side. She was sure it understood. Then, one day, it disappeared. At nightfall they found it still struggling feebly in the water at the bottom of a disused well. It was breathing when they rescued it, but it died in her arms. She broke down with an attack of nervous prostration, haunted by a picture of the little animal fighting for its life in the icy water and looking up for the help which it had never failed to get from her before. The effect on her was as tragic as if it were a child of hers that had drowned.

When did she first have the wish to die? When the dog died. And she had often wished it since. Life was a hopeless fight. There was nothing to look forward to. She still had her mother's love, but her mother was growing old and feeble. She would soon be gone. It was a thought that had to be kept out of the mind. When she went to see her mother now the sight of her, aged and failing, brought nothing but pain instead of pleasure.

The dream, then, had merely taken some of the stage properties of the tragedy of her waking day and used them in a little symbolic drama that condensed the sorrows of a

lifetime. The emotions that were produced by the fictitious incidents of the dream were precisely the emotions that would have been felt if she had consciously reviewed the grievous incidents of her unhappy marriage. These incidents were being kept out of her conscious thought. The attempt to repress them had also forced them to assume the disguises under which they appeared in her dream. But though they were disguised, the emotions which they elicited were real emotions—the emotions that were being dammed up in her subconscious mind by her waking determination to think of her unhappiness as little as possible.

"From my standpoint," says Doctor X, "the dream merely provided a certain amount of needed emotional drainage. But the fact that the bodily symptoms persisted after her awakening showed that the dammed-up emotions had risen to a point where they were dangerous to health. Here was a warning that unless the emotions were released from repression, there might be serious consequences to the patient. mentally or physically."

Accordingly, he advised her that she should go to her mother and unburden her troubles instead of trying to bear them alone. He prescribed, also, that she must

accept her unhappiness, adjust herself to it, and cease living a false life of pretended contentment and secret grief. Having faced her losses, she could then consider what assets she had on the other side of her balance sheet to make life endurable. She had a sound body. She had youth. She had friends. Instead of continually grieving because she had missed the goal of her desire, she might attain a lesser goal of satisfied affection by bringing pleasure and happiness to others.

She followed his advice, and she is now, as Doctor X says, "well, and contented within the limits of a narrower world than the ideal one of her girlhood daydreams."

Let us take another example.

A patient dreamed that he was in the barnyard of his boyhood home. An immense horse was pursuing him. He took refuge in the barn, but the horse broke down the doors. He fled in terror, and now his wife was with him. He saw before him a stone wall. If he could climb to the top of it, he would be safe. He could easily do it, if he would abandon his wife. He decided against that. By a desperate effort, he reached the top of the wall and dragged his wife up after him, but he had difficulty in maintaining his balance and he felt that

he might fall at any moment. He awoke in great anguish of mind and with a feeling of vertigo that continued throughout the day.

Doctor X said to him: "I should interpret this dream as meaning that you have been oppressed all your life by the sense of an inexorable force that might at any time destroy you. You have held your own by a narrow margin. There is always the fear that your margin of safety may disappear."

He replied at once: "That is true. And the force you speak of is the power of unjust authority."

When the doctor asked him to "associate" the disconnected details of his dream with incidents and memories of his life a complete series of symbols came to light.

A horse suggested great strength to him. A big horse suggested his father, who was a huge man. The father was also a harsh and unjust man, and he had compelled the boy to work on the paternal farm at tasks that were beyond his boyish strength. This work was always associated in his memory with the big, rawboned farm horse with which he had plowed and cultivated. The work had not only injured his health; it had also prevented him from getting a proper education. He felt that unjust

paternal authority had thus blighted his whole life.

When he finally broke away from home he found employment under the government. He was holding this position when Roosevelt became President. Roosevelt was at that time his ideal. There was in his mind some association between Roosevelt and a powerful horse. On his way to vote for Roosevelt for a second term as President, he passed the doors of a fire-engine house. An alarm had evidently just been rung in, for the doors of the engine house suddenly flew open and a team of fire horses plunged out at him, just as the horse had plunged through the barn door in his dream. He barely escaped being trampled on.

Soon after election President Roosevelt cut down the staff of employees in the department in which the patient was working. He was reduced to a lower position on a smaller salary, and he just missed being thrown out of employment altogether. It was a great injustice to him. He had ever since considered Roosevelt as the embodiment of unjust authority.

And, ever since, times had been hard for him. He had with difficulty paid for his home. He could have succeeded well enough by himself, but it was not easy to support

a wife. He was a good workman, but he had no political influence, and it was pull, he said, not merit, that advanced a man in the government service. It was too late to go into any private enterprise. He was growing old, and always there was the fear that the next changes in his department would put him out of office and condemn him to a poverty-stricken old age. Worry had undermined his health, and he felt that he might break down any day. It was by a very small margin that he was holding his own against the menace of unjust authority.

"From this dream," says Doctor X, "we got an insight into the secret of the patient's whole problem. He was the victim of a subconscious feeling of revolt—a revolt first against his father's authority, and then against all analogous authority, against Roosevelt authority, against church authority, and even against the authority of society itself. He was maintaining an unhappy child's attitude toward life. He was the victim of a faulty adjustment to the necessary conditions of social existence. He was helped both in mind and body by getting him to recognize the unwisdom and unreasonableness of his false emotional reactions."

And here is a third example:

A young woman, who had been married about five years, came to Doctor X with symptoms of throat trouble which it was supposed might be due to some affection of the thyroid gland. She described these symptoms as "a sort of choking feeling." Under his questions, she traced them back to their beginning in a nightmare.

She had dreamed that she was in the kitchen of her home, at night, washing the dishes. She heard a noise at the outside door. It opened slowly and a hand appeared, holding an electric flashlight. An unknown man in a black mask sprang into the room with a pistol in his hand. She screamed in terror, ran from the kitchen, and fell fainting on the stairs. She awoke in a state of panic with a choking in the throat which persisted and became chronic.

Doctor X said, "You are doing your duty as a wife, but you live in terror of something that threatens to disturb the peace of your married life."

She was much embarrassed. "That," she replied, "is something that I can't talk about to anyone."

On a subsequent visit she admitted that this "something" was a thought. "A thought," she said, "comes into my mind,

and I have to fight it down. It's a wicked thought and I'm afraid of it. It's the thought of a boy I quarreled with before I married. I didn't realize that I loved him until too late. I only want to be a good wife and make my husband happy, but this boy comes continually into my mind."

The flashlight suggested a flashlight which the boy had carried when he came to call on her, in the evening, at her country home. The pistol, too, reminded her of a pistol with which he had armed himself because there had been some hold-ups in the neighborhood at the time. The masked man—who was unknown to her in the dream—was the boy himself. "It is a rule," says Doctor X, "that any unknown person in a dream is some one very well known to the conscious mind. The boy appeared as an outlaw because he represented the outlawed thought that was breaking into her mind and producing fear at each assault."

Her ideal of wifely loyalty was so high that it would not permit her to have such thoughts of another man. The compulsive power of the thought came from her opposition to it, which created a dammed-up energy that had no drainage.

"Admit to yourself that you like this boy," Doctor X advised her. "Allow all

thoughts of him to enter your mind freely. They will soon fade away. He was for a time a symbol of happiness to you, and your repression has fixed the idea at that level. Admit that life with him might have been romantic, and think about it without guilt. You have a good husband. You are living a good, wholesome life. You are interested in your home. Don't fight yourself. You are making yourself ill and unhappy."

As a matter of fact, as soon as she took that mental attitude, the outlawed thought lost its compulsiveness. The dreams ceased and her throat symptoms disappeared. "Her thoughts of the boy," says Doctor X, "have become pleasant memories that do her no harm. Instead of fighting a secret sin, she smiles over a girlhood romance of the past and accepts her present with a pride in her sense of fulfilled duty."

And here is a fourth case:

A patient, a married woman, was very much worried about her mental condition. The circumstances of her life were apparently happy. It was true that she had been miserable with her first husband, but she had divorced him, years before, and married a man to whom she was entirely devoted. She had had a child by her second marriage, and all was well with her.

IN DREAMS

She dreamed that she returned home to find her baby girl lying in a darkened room, apparently dying. There was a small red mark, like the mark of a hypodermic needle, on the infant's neck. She felt that some one had attacked the baby in her absence. A dark, gypsy-looking woman came into the room, and on seeing her the mother screamed, with a shocking oath, "I'll kill you!" At that, she woke in a state of frightened horror.

"Now, Doctor," she said, "I have never sworn like that at anyone in my life, and I have never had such a feeling—to want to kill anyone. Does it mean that my mind is becoming affected? I feel as if it were."

"No," he said. "The dream is only the draining off of some very powerful emotion that you have repressed."

"But," she objected, "I have no repressions whatever. I'm quite happy. Do you think it could mean that some evil is threatening my baby?"

"Not at all," he said. "Your dream is too symbolic and personal for me to generalize, but if you will dismiss the dream itself from your thoughts for a moment, and answer my questions, I think we can find out what it means. Tell me, who comes to your mind when I say 'a dark, gypsy-looking woman'?"

"My first husband's mother," she replied. She added, significantly, "But then, he looked just like her."

"A hypodermic needle?"

"My first husband was an addict. That was what made my life with him unendurable."

"An injury to the neck?"

"My own neck. My husband choked me in his frenzy. That was what decided me to leave him."

"An innocent young girl?"

"Myself. My husband married me, an ignorant and romantic young girl, and he destroyed all my illusions. He killed something in me. Sometimes I felt I could have killed *him* for the way he dragged down my highest ideals."

"I think you have there the secret of your dream," the doctor said. "Your husband's actions raised a murderous hatred in you, and your self-esteem repressed it as unworthy of your better self. For years this undrained hatred has been festering in you. You should recall, instead of forgetting, all those brutal scenes with him, and if necessary swear out any feelings that come back with the memory. In that way you'll get rid of them. Better a sulphurous atmosphere in your boudoir than a seething

volcano of suppressed bitterness in your heart."

Now, it is evident that all these patients might have been saved much worry and ill health if they had understood the mechanism and the functions of dreaming. A dream is a form of thinking. To most of us, thinking is that form of mental activity in which thought is used as a tool to solve problems—such problems as making income meet expenses, planning a business deal or a course of action, evaluating another's motives, or arranging a vacation. "This form of thinking, which we may call concentration," Doctor X points out, "is developed largely by school education, where the child is trained to solve a problem in arithmetic instead of musing on a wished-for pleasure, such as swimming or playing baseball." But musing on a wished-for pleasure is also a form of thinking. We call it daydreaming. "Most of us," says Doctor X, "have a contemptuous disrespect for daydreaming or reverie. It is, however, the most natural form of thinking. It comes nearest to expressing our real selves. Its most striking quality is the high degree of interest that it has for us, and this degree of interest indicates the strength of the instinctive desires by which such thinking

is always energized. Daydreaming is concerned with the realization in fancy of our dearest ideals and most instinctive wishes, which reality has frustrated. Daydreaming, however, is censored by our waking intelligence, which keeps fancy within the limits of possibility. In the dream of sleep, intelligence ceases to censor fancy, and our wishes have their way. We may daydream of what we would do if we had a possible raise of salary. In the dream of sleep the raise of salary arrives—possible or impossible —and the dream proceeds to live up to it."

The simplest dream, then, is the fulfillment of an instinctive wish that has been frustrated by reality.

But dreaming has another function. Our instinctive wishes are not only frustrated by reality. They are also blocked, in our waking hours, by our codes of conduct, our consciences, our sense of what it is right or wrong to desire. Any interference with an instinctive impulse dams up energy, and any interference with instinctive thinking produces an anxiety which we feel as worry. "The common formula for the relief from worry," says Doctor X, "is to 'forget it.' But I find that worry is always due to a fear of failure to reach an instinctive goal, and the instinctive impulse continues in

spite of the forgetting. The unsatisfied instinct remains as an irritating form of energy somewhere in the mental life. The dream serves to drain this off. A recurring dream will cease as soon as the repressed emotion is allowed to enter the conscious mind freely. And I find that any incident having free entry into the waking thoughts rarely appears in dreams."

It would seem, further, that the power which repressed the instinctive thought while we were awake still operates while we are asleep and compels the outlawed thought to disguise itself. "The jilted suitor who forces himself to forget his inamorata," says Doctor X, "never sees her face in his dreams, but he suffers in his dreams precisely the emotions that he would feel if he allowed the recollection of her to enter his waking thoughts. The release of these repressed emotions has to be obtained in his dreams by adroit and hidden means. Hence the more powerful his repression is the more difficult it will be to understand his dream."

The dream mind, of course, can think only in pictures. If you feel yourself threatened by some menace, the menace will appear in your dream as a masked man at the door, as a huge horse in the

barnyard, or as some other object that is associated in your subconscious mind with the idea of a menace. It is perhaps the secret of the popular appeal of the moving picture that it conforms to this picture-thinking of the subconscious mind. And since the dream mind is the instinctive, animal mind—and the instincts, as we have seen, have starting signals that we call "symbols"—it is natural that the dream pictures should so often prove to be symbols that are as old as art.

The orthodox Freudian has done an enormous work of research in identifying these symbols. He has, as it were, taken the words of your dream dictionary, one by one, and traced them back to their roots and original meanings. But he has too often made the mistake of studying the words apart from their context, and he has made an erudite mystery out of sentences whose simple meaning is clear enough. Doctor X's method seems more sensible. He concerns himself more with the emotional contents of the dream than with the cryptic words in which the emotion expresses itself. He finds that the emotion is always evident and undisguised, because it is the purpose of the dream to release that emotion from repression. "The real part of the

dream," he says, "is the emotion. In interpreting a dream, the initial question to ask yourself is what were the emotions felt in the dream. The details of the dream may at first be disregarded. This is difficult for the dreamer himself to do when he is attempting self-analysis. He will discover that he is always interested in the details of thè dream and gives little heed to the emotions."

In our Puritan civilization, the commonest of all repressed emotions are the sex emotions. Repressions become involved with repressions in the subconscious mind, and the orthodox Freudian, being on the lookout for sex symbols, finds them in many a dream whose main theme is by no means sexual. For instance, all the four dreams which I have given above contain sex symbols that imply some suppression of sex emotions, but to interpret those dreams wholly in terms of sex would be to miss their point. The Freudian interpretation of dreams is often dangerously wrong for that reason.

"A dream is always egoistic," says Doctor X. "It is always concerned with the dreamer as its central figure." But it has a confusing trick of splitting up the personality of the dreamer into his known qualities,

which are shown as separate actors in the dream. If you have a violent temper, like your friend B, B himself is likely to appear in your dream as your "angry self." A feminine dreamer who reproaches herself with having strong masculine characteristics will figure in her own dreams as a boy. Animals will often in dreams play the part of that self of the dreamer which he considers brutal or animal-like. For example, a dream enacts the struggle between the dreamer and a tiger-cat. Association shows that the tiger symbolizes the dreamer's wild self, and the dream is a representation of a struggle that is actually going on between the dreamer's ideal self and certain unbridled desires.

One of Doctor X's patients, a young man, dreamed frequently of a neglected dog whose pathetic condition moved him to excessive pity. He woke from these dreams in a state of depression that lasted throughout the day. He had a rather Spartan ideal of conduct and he was impatient of these moods in himself. He took life stoically and he was suffering no unhappiness of which he would complain.

By association, Doctor X discovered that when this boy's mother died she left a little dog that was inconsolable. It would

sit outside the door of her empty room for hours, watching for her, or waiting on the stairs as if it expected to hear her step. The son went to endless trouble to make this grieving pet comfortable. He had been known to leave a week-end party and hurry home to make sure that the servants were not neglecting it. He found it dead, one morning, at the door of his mother's empty bedroom, and this incident moved him extremely.

Further association recalled a picture of himself as a very small boy sitting on the stairs outside his mother's room, with his shoes on the step beside him, waiting for her forgiveness for some childish misbehavior, before he could go out to play. It became apparent that after his mother's death he had drained off his own grief and self-pity by his devoted care of her pet. The dog now figured in his dreams as his neglected self. He was evidently repressing an excessive self-pity. He confessed, reluctantly, that he was in love with a young woman who often wounded him by her neglect. Examination showed that her neglect was largely imaginary—a fiction of his own unconscious desire to seek occasion for self-pity. "The analysis of his dream," says Doctor X, "led to an adjustment that paved the way to a happy marriage."

That, of course, is to the layman the chief value of dream analysis as Doctor X practices it: he uncovers the secret springs of ill health and unhappiness in his patients and indicates the way in which they may be cured. As the cure proceeds, it is possible to watch the patient's dreams and follow his progress. His subconscious mind, unknown to him, reports its objections in his dreams or indicates its acquiescence, and the doctor can check up his prescriptions by means of these reports. In cases of mental disorder, the dreams infallibly indicate the approach of insanity, but that is not a matter to be handled in such a book as this. And there are many other professional aspects of dream analysis which would be out of place here. Let me conclude with some typical dreams that are significant as indicating unconscious trends common to great numbers of modern Americans and little understood by them.

A famous surgeon and his sister, New Englanders of culture and intelligence, both had the same recurring dream. They imagined that they were taking a college examination. When the examination papers were handed out they found that the subject was one they had neglected to study. They were faced by the certainty of complete

failure. It was too late to study the subject, and it was impossible to fake answers to the questions. They were baffled. And they were enraged at their own neglect and lack of foresight. These feelings were overwhelmingly intense.

On hearing this dream, Doctor X said to the surgeon, "Obviously, this means that you are faced by some problem that completely baffles you—a problem for which all your study and experience offers no solution—and you are trying not to think about it."

What was that problem?

The surgeon indicated it with reluctance. He had grown up in an atmosphere of the strictest Puritanism. In later years he had lost all belief in the tenets of the Puritan faith. He had accepted as his religion a sort of intellectual liberalism in which reason was supreme. But he was baffled by the problem of eternity. "Nothing that I know," he said, "seems to give me the assurance of everlasting life that I crave." His sister was in the same case, confronted by the same mystery. Subconsciously, they both felt themselves unready for the great examination. Their suppressed anxiety showed in their common dream.

"Our fear of death," says Doctor X,

"is really a fear of eternity. The subconscious mind has no fear of death, because it admits no cessation of its existence and cannot picture any. It shows, however, a very keen interest in the evil which may befall it after death. In this respect, it acts exactly like the instinctive mind of the most primitive people. And so many of us have lost faith in the religions which protected us from this fear that the dread of death is a frequent cause of our anxiety dreams."

One of his patients is a lady, happy in a second marriage and devoted to her ten-year-old son, named Norman. She had been for some time under treatment for heart disease and had suffered much with palpitations of the heart. Doctor X found her heart organically perfect, but he learned that she frequently woke at night with a very rapid heartbeat and a suffocating sense of imminent heart failure. He asked her to recall some dream from which she had wakened in this condition. She recalled the following nightmare:

"I was crossing a little stream in the country. Norman and I were crossing it together on a rotten log that was suspended at each end by a rusted wire. Norman jumped up and down on the log and it

began to give way. I said: 'Norman, I have known this log since childhood, and it is rotten clean through. You must be careful.' Norman continued to rock the log. I felt it giving way. As we were about to fall into the dark water, I awoke screaming with terror."

This dream was so typical that Doctor X said, flatly, "You are afraid of death and the hereafter."

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I'm not a bit afraid of death. It has no terrors whatever for me. I'm a good churchwoman."

But when he asked her to tell him what incidents of her life were recalled by association with the separate objects in her dream a most enlightening series of memories was discovered.

When he asked her what happening was suggested by the word "water" she replied: "I have always had a fear of water. The first fright I recall was due to falling out of a boat when I was about four years old. My father rescued me, but I thought I was going to drown."

And when he asked her what came to her with the thought of "a country stream" she answered: "The stream near my home. I crossed it when I ran for father the day brother died. It was my first experience

with death. I was only five. Brother was taken sick at ten o'clock and at four he was dead. They laid him out in a white shroud. One night, some weeks later, at dusk, I saw him all in white. I ran screaming to mother. She said it was all nonsense, but I knew I had seen him. I was afraid to go out at night after that. The next spring my father died. I would not go into the house until after the funeral."

The doctor said: "The log which protects you in your dream from the fear of drowning is probably something that has served from childhood to protect you from the fear of eternity. The only protection against the fear of eternity is religion. What about your religion?"

"I was brought up a Catholic," she replied, "but I have left that church. I married at seventeen and my husband drew me away to his faith."

Her son Norman was about to be operated on, and she was afraid that he might die. He did not belong to any church.

Another common kind of dream, characteristic of our day and age, is typified by the following specimen:

The dreamer stands beside a pool. Terraced steps descend to the basin below.

The pool has a border of tropical plants and the whole setting is Eastern and exotic. A moving object of some sort is dimly visible in the depths of the water. The dreamer picks up something to throw at it. His friends beg him not to do it. He persists. He throws at the creature in the pool, and at once he has the feeling that he has done wrong. Out of the water there springs a tigress that leaps up the marble steps toward him. He flees in terror. The tigress gains on him. He turns to defend himself, and the tigress has become an infuriated woman. He awakens, still frightened and trembling.

"The symbolism here is quite plain," says Doctor X, "and the subsequent 'association' merely verified it. We are dealing with fear of woman. Such a fear seems ridiculous as a factor in repression, but I find it a factor of great and unrecognized importance in our civilization. Most men scoff at it—as this patient did—because a man must scoff at it in order to keep up his fiction that he is the lord of creation. Like other fears which go back deep into our racial past, the fear of woman is so strongly repressed that its only expression is in subconscious thinking and motivation.

"Man's fear of woman is embodied in

myth, legend, fairy tale, and folklore. Infatuation for a woman places a man in a position of defenselessness. The stories of Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah, and Antony and Cleopatra portray the danger. Listen to a group of men in a club: 'Yes, Bill was all right till he fell for So-and-so. That was his ruin.' Man is afraid of an inner weakness by which he may be enslaved."

His fear shows itself in many odd, unconscious ways. The film "vampires" of the American movies have proved unpopular. The most popular woman stars are those who are most ingénue and sexless. This is true also of the American stage. Much of the popular opposition to woman suffrage is obviously inspired by fear of woman. The so-called "war between the sexes" is an expression of the same emotion. Repressing and refusing to acknowledge their fear, men give it the power by which it moves them to those acts of cruelty and injustice that come of fear.

Doctor X sums up all these problems in this way: "Emotions must be regarded as healthful currents of natural force that should be used to furnish energy for individual expression and collective service. When emotions are so regarded life assumes a new meaning and the individual develops

new powers. As things are now, to be emotional is to be considered weak, sentimental, or sinful. Pauline self-repression is the ideal on the one hand, and hypocrisy and license the result on the other. Both roads lead to a selfishness that defeats the collective ideal of nature and impairs the success of our civilization, which is itself the expression of the collective ideal."

CHAPTER IX

IN RELIGION

"I FIND that subconscious health cannot be obtained in a patient who has lost his faith in immortality," says Doctor X. "Agnosticism, in my experience, is a mental concept only; there is no such thing as emotional agnosticism. The subconscious mind is basically as religious as the mind of the most primitive people. It has what we may almost call a religious instinct. You cannot achieve a happy and successful life unless you find some way to release that instinct to happy and successful fulfillment."

This is a sufficiently astounding statement to come from a modern man of science. What does it mean?

We have already pointed out, in an earlier chapter, that when the child outgrows his period of cradled omnipotence and begins to crawl and to learn to walk, he finds that he needs constant protection and support. He looks to his parent for aid, as to a higher power, and the parent consequently becomes

a sort of supernatural being to him, amid the dangers and uncertainties of his first steps in the world. He is dependent on a higher power, and his dependence promotes an inclination of the subconscious mind that commonly shows as a religious instinct. That instinct may be developed either happily or unhappily by education and experience. It cannot be eradicated by any skeptical conviction of the conscious mind. And the failure to direct its impulse to a prosperous issue is one of the notable disasters of our civilization.

What is blocking us?

According to Doctor X, we are being blocked by faulty education, organized ignorance, the inherited errors of our forefathers, a bad tradition, and an evil use of it.

It is easier to find the image of the parent as a god in the subconscious mind of the race than in the subconscious mind of the child, because the image alters in the child's mind nowadays at an earlier period than conscious memory can recall. Doctor X has one patient, a young woman with a religious complex, whose father was a querulous invalid, irritable and exacting; he ruled over her young life, from an armchair, repressing her natural self-assertion with the stern admonition that disobedience to

him was a sin; and she clearly remembers her first conception of God, in an armchair, watching her as her father watched. Such memories are rare. But in the subconscious mind of the race—as it expresses itself in primitive religions and hero myths—the working of the instinct has long been evident and recognized. It shows in its simplest form in early ancestor worship. It operates in the Greek legends of those dead tribal heroes who were seen as stars above their people; and in the belief of the Romans that their emperors, after death, became protecting gods; and so down to the almost modern tenet of the divine right of kings. The primitive devotee stretches out his arms to heaven, as a child holds out his arms to his parent. God is the heavenly Father. "Pope" is a form of "papa." Priests are called "fathers"; and the word "priest" itself is from the Greek word for "elder." Even the Tsar was "the Little Father," and we have our own "Father of His Country" as our national hero, and Lincoln was "Father Abraham"—for this instinct operates in hero worship as in religion.

In ancient times, the father had the power of life and death over his children. The primitive religions were almost wholly religions of fear. A jealous and angry god

punished his children with ill health, calamity, earthquake, bad weather, insect pests, defeat in war, and all misfortune. The relation to the god and the relation to the parent were almost equally fearful. Now this sort of fear is a vile depressant, and the tradition of fear of God and fear of the parent is the "bad tradition" which Doctor X deplores.

"We know," he says, "that the feelings of strength and pleasure in the body are maintained by certain fluids called the endocrine secretions, which are poured into the system by the effect of the emotions. The pain feelings or the weak feelings in the body result from the withholding of these secretions or from the release of a weakening secretion poured out in the same way. The elation of success produces strength and pleasure in the body by causing chemical changes in the bodily secretions. The despair of failure causes equally strong effects of the opposite kind. Hope of success and success itself cause strength. Anticipation of failure and failure itself cause weakness. I am not speaking now of conscious mental processes. I mean that, in response to instinctive symbols and independent of intelligence, the body is chemically strengthened or weakened in success or failure.

"Fear is the anticipation of failure, as hope is the hallucination of success. The failure to attain the goal of 'good' produces that fear reaction which we call 'guilt,' and chemically affects the body, and causes intolerable discomfort. To the child, to be good is to obey the parental god, whether it be a divine parent or a parent projected into the sky. To make the emotion of this instinct so largely an emotion of fear is dangerous to the health and happiness of the child, and it is almost certain, in his later years, subconsciously to cramp his energy and block his success."

It would seem, then, that it is practically a necessity of the subconscious mind that it should have some higher power on which to depend; and those who have lost their belief in a personal God will not be able to free themselves to the happiest development of their energies until they can find some substitute—some spiritual or moral law, if you please—in which they can place their trust and to which they may do their fealty. For those who, more happily, have not lost their belief in a parental God the requisite of happiness is a God of love and kindliness; and it is the fortunate child whose parents teach and practice the religion of love, for he will probably grow up

without that inheritance of inescapable fear which is the unconscious curse of so much of our modern piety.

This, however, is by no means the whole of the problem. There is still the curse of the evil self to be lifted. That possession begins, in the child, with the first revolt of the instinct of self-assertion, which is usually disobedience to the parent; and disobedience being concealed because of the fear of punishment, the child is afflicted with the sense of secret guilt. Here, possibly, is the origin of the idea of the evil self among primitive peoples, too, but with them, as with the growing child, it is all confused with the idea of the sex self—perhaps because the instinct of sex is nature's lever for breaking the child away from the parent, in order to establish a new family; and the revolt of sex is consequently the revolt against the parent, and, therefore, the source of "original sin."

This is where Doctor X's complaint of "faulty education" begins. The child is taught that to disobey his parents is a sin, and the first stirrings of his instinct of self-assertion are thereby marked as sinful—as the stirrings of his evil self. His first instinctive curiosity about sex is similarly branded, and his sex self becomes part of

his evil self. The Evil Self is then accepted as a sort of inner devil that is at war with his ideal self—his ideal self being the obedient child self that is acceptable to his parents and to his parental God. (Out of this conception of his ideal self arises what Doctor X calls "the Hero Wish," which becomes the unconscious and compulsive ideal of life.)

"Of all phases of the evil self, "says Doctor X, "the most destructive is the sex self when faulty education has made it the enemy of the Hero Wish, the child ideal. The reaction to the evil sex self of childhood, when well established, remains a personal devil throughout life, not only destroying all possibility of realizing the Hero Wish, but continually endangering th[illegible] of future life and happiness. What [illegible] this faulty education that creates the demon of the sex self?

"The first evidence of sex curiosity in the child usually fills the parent with a horror and shame indescribable. No punishment, no threat, no picture of divine wrath is too terrible to be used to frighten the child away from the devices of sexual self-power. The only reasonable explanation is that the memory of the parent's own struggles with evil is still so vivid that he relives his own

shame and is overwhelmed by the horror of it. The child has the brand of an ineffaceable vileness indelibly burned upon an instinct that is to appear again and again. This sense of vileness is refelt whenever the instinct moves, and the yielding to temptation leaves a sense of guilt and remorse bitter beyond anything else in life.

"The boy reacts first to guilt in instances of sex curiosity; then to the fear of irremediable injury derived from the misinterpretation of certain natural functions of puberty; and then to remorse at the intrusion of forbidden thoughts. He ends by accepting a false belief of imperfection as the punishment for sin. The sex instinct becomes so marked with a stigma of vileness vith difficulty can it be ennobled to ser the purposes of mating. A scar is left on self.

"The girl follows the same path, which leads to the investment of the periodical function with shame, instead of pride, and to the abolition of the local pleasure values which make mutual love magnetic. Love relations become almost asexual and marriage is abhorrent. Thoughts that are rendered distorted and terrifying by repression keep alive the sense of guilt and remorse. The sex instinct is never so feeble but that,

when repressed, it can force into the mind thoughts from which the child recoils with shame and guilt. A moment's consideration should convince anyone that nature never intended to ban with guilt the function upon which the existence of the race depends. The guilt of sex is a human fallacy.

"The efforts of the youth to overcome, conceal, and outgrow this terrible evil self of sex produce most of the aberrations of conduct in adolescence. Here is the cause of adolescent conversion to religion, of adolescent asceticism, of all the nervous breakdowns of youth, and of most of the failures to maximate the ego. The possession of an evil self of sex, continually flooding the mind with forbidden thoughts, is a complete bar to the hope of the Hero Wish.

"On the other hand, if the child is left alone, nature replaces one sex device with another without injury. The facts of the creation of life are explained and the physiology of the functions of puberty are elucidated with pride. Sex thoughts coming into the mind with a knowledge of their true value lose their sinfulness. The erotic thoughts and dreams of puberty are explained as foreshadowing the supreme goal of life, mating and marriage. The girl comes

to treasure her impulse as valuable energy to be conserved in order to realize an ideal. The evil self completely disappears and is replaced by the biological self of mother craving, the crown of womanhood.

"Many a woman is prevented from gaining pride in self-expression because of the unforgetable memory of the impurity of an evil self which may overwhelm her at any time of relaxed vigilance. Always, in dreams, this evil self appears in a forbidding role, from which the dreamer flees in terror. The most hopeful feature of lifting the ban from the sex self and allowing the person to think any thought that is biologically true is the disappearance of temptation. Any lustful thought, when told that it is but the biological craving for a child, to be fulfilled in an appropriate manner at an accepted time, readily accedes to the suggestion. The release of the personality from the millstone of guilt permits the use of energies in higher forms of activity."

The Freudians have tried to remove the curse on the evil self by accepting it as the real self and by attributing its sinful aspects to man's false judgment of its meaning. They have tried to compose the old "conflict between good and evil" by calling the evil good and by obtaining absolution for the

evil by the correction of false opinion. They have assumed that the unconscious, composed of brute impulses, is the compelling force in life, and that it *is* repressed because it is intolerable to conscious thought. "These seem to me to be half-truths," says Doctor X. "The ego in animals corresponds loosely to the Freudian unconscious, but the primal brute cravings of any animal are molded to agree with a standard of conduct common to that particular species of animal—so that conflict and repression occur in the animal world where no conscious thought is operating. The animal ego and the animal parent customs are in conflict, and by a process of imitating the parent a standardization of conduct is obtained. Human conduct is similarly standardized. Brute cravings in the child come to conform first with a standard of parental conduct. This standard undergoes an alteration to meet the demands of the playground. It alters further in the reactions of romantic love and marriage and in the support of self and family. Imitation of a model, trial and error and the resulting compromises, produce the final character.

"Moreover," says Doctor X, "my experience fails to confirm the belief that the

so-called Freudian Wish is the strongest force in life. In spite of all explanations to the contrary, there is no doubt that Freud considers the sex instinct the prime motive force in his theory of energy. Animal psychology shows that any instinct, when satisfied, ceases to act as a driving force. This fact—which is an admitted fact—reduces sex impulsion to an intermittent and inconstant force. The only continually acting force is that inexorable urge which has been called the 'will to power,' the 'élan vital,' and so forth. It is an innate craving for power which has marked man's emergence from the purely brute phase of life. Its mental expression is the Hero Wish. Sex domination is only one phase of it.

"The Hero Wish is immemorial and world old. Mythology, folklore, fairy tales are full of it. In its blind beginning it is merely an impulsion to raise self to its highest power. But, in accord with the biological law of imitation, it follows a definite path to expression. This path begins as the path of the parental model—the girl to reproduce the mother, the boy the father. Its goal becomes a subconscious goal, the goal of the ideal; and the energy of the Hero Wish is restrained to the channel of the ideal. I have never come in contact

with an adult problem which did not resolve itself into a failure to realize an ideal. Hence, the greatest need of modern religion and morality seems to me to be the need to establish true ideals that are biologically attainable. We need more knowledge of ourselves. We need to create ideals that we can fulfill, and we need to inventory our real assets with pride. As it is, we create false ideals and we discard our real assets as liabilities. The true solution of life is to register our biological impulses at their real values as forms of dynamic energy, and to refine them so as to create the fullest self-expression while producing the fullest collective service to family, community, nation, and race."

As philosophical pronouncements, these dicta are important enough. But they are much more important as forming a regimen of health and a code of conduct. Here is a patient, a despondent young woman, who is trying to earn her living without ambition, without energy, without friends. She is solitary. She is unwell. She is convinced that her ill health unfits her for marriage. She is convinced also that it makes success impossible for her. She is in despair. In talking with her about herself, the doctor is struck by "certain practices of renunciation

which are unbiological"—instead of using her wages for self-adornment, self-education, and other forms of maximating the ego, she is spending all her earnings on her mother and her sister. An analysis of her dreams shows that her ill health is the physical reaction to a subconscious self-disgust, and this disgust traces back to the fact that as a child she hated her mother. It is true that she hated her mother quite justifiably in return for her mother's cruelty; nevertheless, she feels the hatred as an emanation of her evil self; and all her acts of renunciation are unconscious attempts to expiate her guilt. Similarly she is unconsciously accepting her ill health as a punishment of the evil self, and her fear and disgust of this inner devil are blocking her self-expression and her success. Deep in her mind, the doctor finds that her unconscious wish is to have beautiful things, to have friends, to be loved, to have children. He releases her to health and happiness by rehabilitating her instinctive self, absolving it of guilt in her mind, and freeing her to the conscious fulfillment of her repressed ideals.

Here is another patient, a young man of twenty, who came to Doctor X suffering with palpitation of the heart and extreme

nervousness. He was employed as a clerk in an engineer's office; he was ambitious to become an engineer, worked overtime, studied diligently and attended night school. But ill health was checking him, and he was devoting hours of worry and all sorts of anxious efforts to regaining his health by means of diet, exercise, and medicine.

"His apparent problem," says Doctor X, "was his failure to succeed because of ill health. Analysis showed that his real problem—of which he was quite unaware—was his struggle with his evil self. In his boyhood, this evil self had given rise to evil thoughts, and these had produced habits which—as he had read and believed—permanently impaired mind and body. That was a lie, but his acceptance of it filled him with an instinctive fear that showed as nervousness and palpitation, and these in turn were accepted as evidences of physical and mental ruin.

"He fell in love, but he was held back from marriage by his conviction that he was a physical wreck. His anxiety took the form of overwork and an overzealous attempt to regain his vigor. Both increased his ill health. He was rejected for life insurance. When the war broke out he was rejected by the training camp. These

disasters finished him. He was now scarcely able to do his day's work, and he foresaw that he would soon be rejected by his employer. Could any cycle of defeat be more complete?"

The doctor's analysis showed that the patient had misinterpreted biological facts. The evil self was not an evil self, but a natural instinct branded with guilt. "No real harm had been done his health. More harm had been done by his anxious efforts to get well. As soon as the cause of his fear was dissipated, the palpitation and the hypertension disappeared. He saw that he could realize his ideal. He no longer hesitated to become engaged. He left the tight rope on which he had been balancing, and he found that on solid ground his released energy was sufficient to do his work with. As his health improved, he obtained admission to the aviation service. He wrote me, from an aviation camp, a letter full of strength and confidence. Fear of a demon that was ruining his health had done all the damage."

I might fill a volume with reports of such cases as these from Doctor X's practice; for this conflict with the evil self is an incredibly common cause of ill health and unhappiness. Let me add only one more—

a case that hallucinates the evil self as a personal devil, after the manner of our Puritan ancestors.

A boy of eight years old was brought by his parents to Doctor X, suffering supposedly with some sort of obscure nervous trouble. His father was a minister, and the boy had been strictly trained in the way that he should go. Unfortunately, he did not go in it. For one thing, he frequently ran away from home, and no punishment on his return seemed to deter him. After gaining his confidence, Doctor X learned that he did not run away voluntarily; the devil made him. He had seen the devil several times, at night. He was sure it was not a dream. He described Satan's appearance vividly—though conventionally. The devil was stronger than he, and he had to obey if the devil told him to do a thing. He ran away, the last time, because when he got up in the morning he put his shoes on the wrong feet, and then he knew that the devil had him. It was a sign. Useless to resist! He ran off to a neighboring military camp and hung around there all day. Of course he was whipped when he returned home. He felt that there was no justice in punishing him for a thing he could not help. Still—

"It's a real relief," says Doctor X, "to

put the blame on the devil and absolve yourself of guilt. When Luther threw his inkpot at Satan he relieved himself more than if he had pounded himself on the head with it. The Eskimos of Labrador believe that 'each person is attended by a special guardian who is malignant in character, ever ready to seize upon the least occasion to work harm upon the individual whom it accompanies.' The medieval Church had a whole hierarchy of demons to account for the temptation of the evil self. It is a workable device, but a very dangerous one. My young patient will outgrow his devil—he is not abnormal—but he will always have an unconscious stratum of fear in his life."

Along with this unnecessary evil-self of childhood, a horde of unnecessary sins are created—disobedience, anger, jealousy, selfishness, self-conceit, pride, vanity, impertinence, and so forth. These sins are expressions of the child's instinct of self-assertion, which is the mainspring of his whole life. Expressions of the countervailing instinct of self-abasement are praised as virtues — humility, unselfishness, obedience, meekness, reverence for his elders and the general feeling of inferiority that comes with a broken mainspring. The child, with his sex instinct also marked as

evil, is thus as nearly as possible predestined to unhappiness, ill health, and failure by the powerful influences of bad religious training and faulty education.

"A man needs to accept himself," says Doctor X, "as a work of God, or the First Cause, or what you will, and to take himself with all the respect and admiration that he takes any other great work of nature. He is in the class with a great waterfall, a deep vein of ore, a reservoir of natural gas, a rich oil well. He is not only an admirable work of nature, but all his weaknesses and foibles, all his virtues and his powers, are equally the result of the workings of natural laws. These laws deserve his admiration as much as the law of gravitation deserves it. And they should be observed not merely with admiration, but with the desire to learn them. Man is not a hit-or-miss product. His weaknesses are not the result of original sin, nor his failures the result of ill luck; they are both the predictable outcome of discoverable laws.

"The subconscious mind is the true thinking mind. It acts without fear and without failure upon whatever it perceives as the truth. It acts truly, because it acts in accord with instincts that are compulsively formed by nature to register the truth as

the truth is interpreted by the automatic receptors of the senses and by the memory images of these receptors. The instincts register in emotions which are rigidly produced by this subconscious mind in accord with its perceptions. For instance, the subconscious registers aversion to a certain person—a parent, perhaps—and the reaction of hate results without any regard to your intellectual belief that it is wicked to hate. The more blank of hate you make your intellect by repressing the emotion the more necessity you will have of handling a hate—a 'grouch'—of unknown origin. The less conscious you are of the true origin of this hate the more liable you are to vent it on innocent persons. An instinctive emotion, once formed, must have an outlet and will get it. In losing the ability to regulate conduct in accord with emotion, you have lost control of life. Conduct can always be regulated in accord with convention, if you know what force you are trying to regulate. But when you attempt to regulate conduct by regulating thought you only change the direction of conduct without improving the conduct in the least."

This is the failure of much of our modern religion; it attempts to regulate conduct by regulating instinctive thought. Such thought

is compulsive and should be free. It can be prevented from expressing itself in conduct if it is felt freely and recognizably. It inevitably gets into conduct if it is repressed from conscious thought.

"I had a relative," says Doctor X, "who lived on a farm near Buffalo. It was a good farm and he liked to live there. It had only one drawback. He wanted an artesian well of deep, sweet water and he did not seem to be able to get it. He had an old-fashioned well about a hundred feet from his front door, but this did not satisfy him; and whenever he bored for an artesian well he struck water that had a bad taste and a worse smell. That annoyed him beyond endurance. It made his whole estate defective. It spoiled his happiness. Finally, in a rage, he started to drill goodness into his well by boring to the center of the earth, if necessary. His drill was suddenly blown out by a stream of natural gas. He lived, thereafter, in luxury."

According to Doctor X, our religions and our systems of morality are behaving toward the subconscious facts of life as his relative behaved toward the taste and odor of gas in his well. And not until we learn what that gas is, and free it to its proper uses, shall we be able to add to our lives

the success and happiness that come of understanding the powers of our natures and drawing on the reservoirs of those powers.

The greatest of our powers is that unconscious ideal and aspiration which takes the form of the Hero Wish. It begins, perhaps, as pure selfishness and the desire for egoistic domination, but it is soon molded to more unselfishness by the desire for the parent's affection and approval, the approval of the parental God, the approval of playmates. At adolescence, it takes on forms of self-sacrifice and fulfills the ethics of Christ—perhaps because at this period the parent image has to be sacrificed to the new sex love and this sacrifice colors the whole unconscious ideal. The self-sacrifice continues in love for a mate, for children, for the family. And always the herd instinct, that seeks the approval of our fellows, operates to make the ideal of value to society. Such a Hero Wish is the true Will of any "psyche"—the strongest thing in life. And it is the calamity of our religion and our morality that we have marked so many of the strongest impulses of the "psyche" as "base animal impulses," and fought them blindly, and condemned them as having their source in "original sin."

What is the psyche? Psychoanalysts use the word "psyche," apparently, to avoid the theological implications of the word "soul." The psyche is the ego, the personality, if you please, that uses both the conscious and the subconscious minds in its self-expression. And it has aspects in which it seems to be superior to both and independent of them. Let me conclude with two cases of the kind from Doctor X's experience.

He had a patient—an architect, let us say—who was unsuccessful in his profession because he gave so much time and effort to unpaid work. He was trying to make his native town a "city beautiful," and he was neglecting his proper work in order to assist in campaigns of city planning and civic center schemes and organized projects for various civic improvements. Doctor X counseled him that he should devote himself first to gainful work for the support of himself and his family, and then use his surplus of time and money for the altruistic efforts which were now ruining him. After receiving this advice, the patient reported a peculiar dream. He had been standing on a plain, looking up at a "city beautiful" that had been built on a higher plateau and rather in the clouds. Some unknown companion was with him. After admiring

the city a moment, he said to this companion, "That's all very fine, but it's not on the level." And the other replied, "You're not looking at it from the proper angle."

He reported this dream to the doctor without any suspicion of what it meant. "It meant," says the doctor, "that he had a doubt of my counsel—that he considered my advice, about using only his surplus time and money in furthering his city beautiful, advice that was perhaps not on the level. Accordingly, I explained myself in more detail, and he finally accepted the advice as good. As a matter of fact, he had not been looking at my proposal from the proper angle—as the companion in his dream knew. But what faculty of the subconscious mind was it that knew and gave *me* the warning that he thought my advice was not on the level, and that he so thought because he was not looking at the matter from the proper angle?"

In another case the doctor had been trying for months to uncover a very deep repression of guilt that was ruining a patient's health. The dreams which the patient reported showed that he was struggling to confess what the concealed offense had been. The doctor kept on, encouraged. The patient, at last, "came through"; and the

doctor began confidently to build up a cure. His confidence was checked by the account of another dream, in which the patient—although he was unaware of it—had represented the doctor as raking in a dust heap, picking up a glittering object of no value, and bearing it away with fatuous pride and self-satisfaction.

"The patient's psyche," Doctor X says, "was making fun of me. It was also warning me that the repression which I had uncovered was not the real cause of the trouble. It was giving me this warning over the patient's head, so to speak, without his knowledge. So warned, I went to work on him again and found that the psyche was jeering at me with good cause. Below the first repression was a much more serious one which the patient finally confessed, and I was able to start him, with a clean bill, on the road to health."

If this psyche is not what we call a soul, what is it?

"The great dynamic wish of the unconscious mind," says Doctor X, "is the wish for personal power and for immortality. The unconscious mind has no record of personal death. It is, so to speak, convinced of its immortality. When you dream of yourself dead, you see yourself standing

beside your dead body, as the child does when he wishes himself dead in order to grieve his parents, and sees himself revenged by their sorrow. Now, the goal of omnipotence and immortality is no less than the wish to be a god. Think what this means! You have a mind nine-tenths of which is unconscious, but none the less dynamic with the fixed goal of being godlike. And you set up your puny reason as a combatant against the force of this giant wisher who would be a god.

"Therein lies the secret of the power of the creed of Christ; for whether you believe that Christ is a God who became a man or a man who became a God, his creed is the union of a conscious belief with an unconscious conviction. And no matter where the unconscious mind obtained that conviction, this practical result ensues: the cure and restoration of a defective personality is not possible, in my experience, if the patient has lost his belief in the immortality of the soul. As soon as the process of mental analysis shows me that the patient has a fixed atheism, I drop the case. I have learned from many failures that I have here no foundation on which to build, that I am working in quicksand.

"I do not mean that I have any scien-

tific proof that man has a soul or that it is immortal. But I have abundant proof that he acts unconsciously as if he had an immortal soul, and that I cannot restore him ultimately to health and happiness unless he acts in conscious accordance with this unconscious conviction. There is a power in him which we cannot see any more than we can see the electricity in the cable, but we can use that power in his living engine exactly as we can use electricity to drive a motor, and if he consciously blocks that power he loses energy or he stalls completely. For my purposes as a physician, then, man is an animal with an immortal soul; and the fact that this is true in practice is the greatest proof to me that it is true in fact."

POSTSCRIPT

Several chapters of this book were published serially in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* during the winter of 1919–20. They were received by many readers with the suspicion that "Doctor X" was an imaginary physician and his cases fictitious. Many others pleaded to be given his name so that they might consult him. It became impossible to preserve his anonymity. As the series continued, his

identity was disclosed, for one reason or another, to so large a number of persons that the secret has now become a secret of Polichinelle. One might as well make an impartial end of it and confess that he is Dr. Edward H. Reede of Washington, D. C.

THE END

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